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Poetry.

THAT POET OF THE FUTURE.

I've been reading, Mr. Riley, in a recent magazine,
Of your Poet of the Future with the truly rural mien,
Of the careless, simple fashion in which he'll choose to come—
With the beauty of his bugies overbalancing the drum;
And by what his hands hold not, and by what he does not wear,
I rather think I'd know him, if I met him anywhere.

But really, Mr. Riley, I do not clearly see
How you can at such a distance say that the Poet's "he."

For it may be that this singer who shall our souls confess
And come to us with bugles—will wear them on her dress;
That we shall find her shining with pearls upon her breast,
Or radiant in some cottage as she lulls her babes to rest;
In the choir of the cathedral we may hear her pure voice swell,
Or murmuring some sweet measure as she serves us from the well;
For her hands may not be sunburned—although her gloves be tan;
And your poet, Mr. Riley, may not be at all a man!

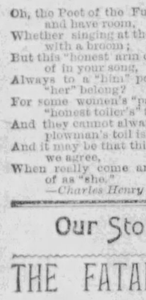
Oh, the Poet of the Future shall find welcome and have room,
Whether singing at the plowshare or sweeping with a broom;
But this "honest arm of Labor" that you speak of in your song,
Always to a "him" pertaining, may it not to "her" belong?
For some women's "palms" are sisters to the "honest toiler's" too,—
And they cannot always fold them when the plowman's toil is through,—
And it may be that this Poet, on whose coming we agree,
When really come and with us will be spoken of as "she."

—*Charles Henry Webb, in The Century.*

Our Story Teller.

THE FATAL FLOWER.

Translated for the Epoch from the French of Saint Juirs, by A. R. Havin—Illustrated by the Blade.



"YOU are a dead man," said the doctor looking fixedly at Anatole.

Anatole was astounded.

He had come to spend the evening with his old friend, Doctor Bardais, the illustrious savant, whose studies of poisonous plants had made him famous. It was not his fame, however, which attracted Anatole to the doctor, but his nobility of heart and almost paternal kindness. And now suddenly, without any preparation, the young man heard this terrific prognostication from the lips of so great an authority.

"Unhappy boy," continued the doctor, "what have you done?"

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole.

"Think. Tell me what you have drunk, what you have eaten, what you have inhaled?"

This last word was like a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from a friend who was traveling in India. In this letter he found a flower which the tourist had plucked on the banks of the Ganges, an odd-looking little red flower, whose odor, he remembered, seemed to him to be strangely pungent. Anatole looked in his pocket-book and took therefrom the letter and the flower which he showed to the savant.

"There is not a doubt!" exclaimed the doctor. "It is the *Pyramenensis Indica!* the fatal flower, the flower of blood!"

"You really think so?"

"Alas! I am certain."

"But it is not possible that it should prove fatal to me. I am only 25 years old, am strong and in the best of health."

"At what hour did you open this fatal letter?"

At 9 o'clock this morning."

"Well, to-morrow morning, at the same hour, at the same minute, in full health, as you say, you will feel a peculiar pain in your heart, and that will end all."

"And you know of no remedy, no means of——?"

"None," said the doctor.

Then, clasping his head in his hands, the savant fell into a chair, overcome with grief.

The emotion of his old friend convinced Anatole that he was indeed doomed. He departed at once; he was almost insane.

A cold sweat on his forehead, his ideas confused, walking mechanically, Anatole went forth into the night, unconscious of what was passing about him. For a long time he walked thus, then, coming to a bench, he sat down.

The rest did him good. Up to that moment he had been like a man who has suddenly received a severe blow on the head. At last, however, his mind seemed to clear, and he began to gather his scattered ideas.

"My situation," he thought, "is like that of a man condemned to death. Such a person, however, can still hope for mercy. But how long have I to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock in the morning. It is time to go to bed. What! I go to bed? give to sleep the last six hours of my life? No. I have certainly something better than that to do. But what? Why, I have my will to make."

Not far away was a restaurant which was open all night. Thither Antole went.

"Waiter, bring me a bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink," he said, as he seated himself at a table.

He drank a glass of champagne and, looking at the paper lying on the table before him, said to himself:

"To whom shall I leave my income of thirty thousand francs? I have neither father nor mother. Among the people in whom I am interested there is only one to whom I care to leave my money—Nicette."

Nicette was Anatole's second cousin, a charming girl of eighteen years, having golden hair and large dark eyes. Like him she was an orphan and this similar bereavement had long since established a bond of sympathy between them.

His will was quickly drawn up. He left everything to Nicette.

That done, he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette!" he thought, "she was very sad the last time I saw her. Her guardian, who knows nothing beyond the wind instruments which he teaches pupils of the Conservatory to play, did not do right in promising her hand to a brute, a bully, whom she detests. She detests him all the more because she loves some one else, if I have been able to understand her reticence and her embarrassment. Who is this happy mortal? I know not, but he is certainly worthy of her since she has chosen him. Good, sweet, beautiful, loving, Nicette deserves the best of husbands. Ah, if she might have been my wife!—It is outrageous to force her to marry a man she hates, to ruin her life by entrusing such a treasure to the care of a brute. But why may not I be Nicette's champion? I will be. I will undertake the matter to-morrow morning. But to-morrow will be too late; I must act once. It is an unreasonable hour to see people, but as I shall die in five hours I cannot consider their convenience. It is decided! My life for Nicette!"

Anatole left the restaurant and hastened to the house of M. Bouvard, the guardian of Nicette.

It was 4 o'clock in the morning when he rang the bell. Once, twice, three times he rang. At last M. Bouvard himself, astonished, his night-cap on his head, opened the door.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Is there a fire?"

"No, my dear M. Bouvard," replied Anatole. "I have come to call on you."

"At this hour?"

"A ill nature be good in which one can see you, M. Bouvard. But you are in your night clothes; you had better return to bed."

"That is what I am going to do." And then, leading Anatole to his chamber, he continued: "But I suppose, since you have aroused me at this hour, that you have something important to say to me."

"Very important! It is necessary, M. Bouvard, that you should give up the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to M. Capdenac."

"Never! never!"

"You must not say never."

"My resolution is taken; the marriage shall take place."

"It shall not take place."

"Well, we shall see. And now that you have my answer I will not detain you longer."

"You are not very amiable this morning, M. Bouvard. But I am not offended, and as I am persevering I remain."

"Stay, if you will. I, however, shall imagine that you have departed, and I shall say no more." Then, turning away, M. Bouvard muttered: "Who ever heard of such a thing! To disturb a peaceable man, rouse him from his sleep to talk about such nonsense!"

Suddenly M. Bouvard jumped into bed.

Anatole got the professor's trombone, in which he blew as though a deaf person were trying to play it. The sounds it emitted were infernal.

"My precious trombone! the gift of my pupils!" exclaimed the professor. "Leave that instrument alone."

"M. Bouvard," replied Anatole, "you have imagined that I have departed. I imagine you are absent, and I amuse myself while awaiting your return." Then, after blowing furiously in the trombone, he exclaimed: "Ah, what a beautiful note!"

"You will cause my landlord to give me notice to leave the house. He will not let me play on the trombone after midnight."

"Ah, the man has no music in his soul? Again the trombone thundered.

"For heaven's sake, stop!"

"Do you consent?"

"To what?"

"To give up the idea of this marriage."

"But I cannot do that."

"Very well, then——"

The trombone finished Anatole's sentence.

"M. Capdenac is a terrible fellow. If I should offer him such an affront he would kill me."

"Does that fear restrain you?"

"Yes."

"Then leave the matter to me. Only promise me that if I obtain M. Capdenac's acquiescence my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, I promise you, she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. Now I will leave you. But, by the way, what is this Capdenac's address?"

"It is 100 rue des Deux-Epees."

"I will go there at once. Good-bye."

"Ah!" thought M. Bouvard, "you are going to throw yourself into the lion's den, and you will get what you deserve."

Anatole hastened to the address the professor had given him. It was six o'clock when he reached the house. He rang the bell violently.

"Who is there?" cried a deep voice behind the door.

"Let me in. I have an important communication from M. Bouvard."

Anatole heard the rattling of a safety chain which was being removed, and the sound of a key which was turned in three locks successively.

"Well, this man is well guarded!" exclaimed Anatole.

At last the door was opened, and Anatole found himself in the presence of a man who had fierce curling moustaches and was arrayed like a buccaneer.

"You see—always prepared," said M. Capdenac. "That is my motto."

The walls of the reception room were crowded with panoplies. In the little room to which Capdenac led his visitor one saw nothing but arms—yataghans, poisoned arrows, sabers, swords, pistols and blunderbusses. It was a veritable arsenal. It was enough to strike terror to the soul of a timid person.

"Bah!" thought Anatole. "What does it matter? I shall die within three hours in any case."

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "what is the object of——"

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, interrupting him, "you wish to marry Mlle. Nicette?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her."

"Ah, thunder! Ah, blood! and who will prevent me?"

"I!"

Capdenac gazed at Anatole who was not very large but who looked very determined.

"Ah, young man," he said at last, "you have the good fortune to find me in a good humor. Profit by it. Save yourself while there is yet time. Were I not in an amiable mood I would not answer for your days."

"And I do not answer for yours."

"A defiance! to me! Capdenac! Do you know that I have fought twenty duels, that I have killed five of my adversaries and wounded the other fifteen? Go, young man, go. I have pity for your youth. There is still time; go."

"I see," replied Anatole, "by your manner and your surroundings that you are an adversary worthy of me, and that increases my desire to measure swords with so redoubtable a man. Come! Shall we take these two swords or those over the mantel? or these battle axes? or cavalry sabres? or do you prefer these yataghans? Are you undecided? what do you say?"

"I am thinking of your mother and of the sorrow that awaits her."

"I have no mother. But perhaps you prefer carbines or revolvers?"

"Young man do not handle those firearms."

"Are you afraid? You tremble!"

"Tremble! I? It is the cold."

"Then you must fight or renounce the hand of Nicette."

"I admire your bravery. The brave understand each other. Shall I tell you something?"

"Speak."

"For some time I myself have thought of breaking this engagement; but I did not know how to go about it. I would, therefore, willingly consent to your request, but you understand that it will not do for me, Capdenac, to seem to yield to your threats, for, you know, you have made threats."

"I withdraw them."

"Well, then, the matter is settled."

"Will you write and sign a paper stating that you relinquish the hand of Nicette?"

"I have so much sympathy with you that I cannot refuse."

Having obtained this precious paper, Anatole hastened to the house of M. Bouvard. He reached the door about eight o'clock, and rang the bell.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home and go to bed," cried the professor roughly.

"I have Capdenac's relinquishment of Nicette's hand. Open the door, or I'll break it in."

M. Bouvard opened the door. Anatole gave him the paper, and then went to the door of Nicette's chamber and cried:

"Cousin, get up; dress yourself and come here."

A few moments afterward Nicette, fresh

as a rose, entered the little reception room.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"The matter is," cried M. Bouvard, "that your cousin is mad."

"Mad be it!" said Anatole; "but Nicette will see that there is method in my madness. This night, my dear little cousin, I have accomplished two things: M. Capdenac renounces your hand, and your guardian consents that you shall marry the man you love."

"My guardian, are you indeed willing that I should marry Anatole?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Anatole.

"It is you, my cousin, whom I love."

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat violently. What caused it? Was it the pleasure which Nicette's unhoped-for avowal gave him? Was it the pain foretold by the doctor? Was it death?

"Unfortunate man that I am!" cried poor Anatole. "She loves me. I see my happiness before me, and I am going to die without attaining it."

Then, grasping the hands of Nicette, he told her all; he told her about the letter he had received, the flower whose odor he had inhaled, the warning of his old friend, his will, the subsequent events and his success in obtaining her freedom.

"And now," he added, "I am going to die!"

"That is impossible!" exclaimed Nicette. "The doctor is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never deceived, Nicette; he is Doctor Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, laughing. "Listen to this paragraph in the morning newspaper: 'The savant, Dr. Bardais, has become suddenly insane. His insanity has taken a scientific turn. It is well known that the doctor has devoted himself specially to the study of poisonous plants. He now believes that all persons whom he meets have been poisoned, and he persuades them of the fact. He was taken at midnight to an insane asylum.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The two lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

"DO NOT HANDLE THOSE FIRE-ARMS."

DE JINGLE OB DE BELLS ON DE COWS.

IN spring, when de fields are all kivered with green,
An' de clover bloom smells in de a'r,
An' de wet in de grass kinder tickles yer feet,
An' de red bugs mek er nigger sw'ar,
Den am de time dat de darky lubs de most,
When dey come erlong home 'hind der plows,
In de cool ob de day, when dey hears all erroun'
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

When de limpson weed pops up outen de groun'
An' de dog-fennel runs it er race,
An' when the lightnin'-bug do scatter roun' its sparks,
An' dabs 'em now an' den in yer face,
Den comes de music dat am sweetes' an' bes'—
At leastest dat is how dis darky flows,
As softly dar ripples froo pastures o' green
De ringin' of de bells on de cows.

When the bluebird comes wid er straw in its beak
To de hole whar de woodpecker bored,
When red-breasted robbins hunts erroun' fer der mud,
When de black swallow swings in de gourd,
Den from de ole meadow way down by de creek,
Or de orchard neaf young apple boughs,
Steals gently de musical sound dat we lub—
De tinkle ob de bells on de cows.

When de sun goes down in er thick clump o pines,
When de frawg in de swamp 'gins to croak,
An' de whippoorwill jines wid er dolefal chune,
While de owl looks in de oak;
On de sof' breeze dat comes loaded down wid its sweets
F'om de meadow whar slick cattle browse,
Dar floats wid er freshness dat nebber gits ole,
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

—*Edward A. Oldham, in The Century.*

Thoroughly Disgusted.

In Atlanta, the other day, a performing bear, while being led through the street, spied one of its kind in front of a fur store, and at once made a dash for the animal. He reared on his hind legs, prepared to make an attack, when he suddenly realized that his brother beast was inanimate, and ambled off, dragging his attendant along.

Proof Positive.

Stranger No. 1.—Who's giving this tea, anyhow? Mrs. Catchhonne insisted on my coming with her, but she didn't say.

Stranger No. 2—She didn't tell me, either; but I guess this is Mrs. La Mode's house.

Stranger No. 1.—O, no; she can't be giving it, for there's her husband.—*Judge.*

An Utter Failure.

"Was your 'rainbow tea' a success?"

"Oh, my, no. It actually poured that afternoon, and not a man turned out. Rain—beaux, indeed! We had a dreadfully stupid time."

MR. ROBERT BURDETTE

CHATS IN THE BROOKLYN EAGLE

How a Wife Cured a Husband of Smoking—Indian and Other Bands—A School of Journalism—Points from the Philosopher of Philadelphian Suburbs.

BEATS WORDSWORTH.

To-morrow will be Aperial onth.
Har-ri-son's been President nearly a month.
And that is the sort of trouble the American poet laureate has to wrestle with.

USEFUL IN HIS SPHERE.

"He's a great dog for rats," said the owner, proudly. "Kills 'em, eh?" asked the visitor. "Oh, no," replied owner, "amuses 'em. He's 'fraid as death of 'em and they seem to like to see him run. The rats are no good for him, but he's great medicine for them See?"

RAISED CLEAR OUT.

"And you have no grandfather?" said George Himself, tenderly, and with a lingering sadness in his tone, "Dear Amanda, I can and most gladly will give you an undivided life interest in one of mine." "So sorry," replied Amanda Herself, for it was she, "but last evening Henry A. Nother offered to make me a cousin to all his mother's nephews."

FITS LIKE EPILEPSY.

"The Browning" collar is the latest thing in men's neckwear. It can be worn buttoned under the left or right ear, or under the chin, or at the back of the neck, with both points turned up or down, or with one up and one down, either one, doesn't make a cent's difference which; and the maker challenges creation to find a neck that it will or will not fit. It is sold for two shillings because there is no cents in it.

ENOUGH TO SCARE ANYBODY.

A traveler says that in some districts in the Congo region, the horse is a curiosity, at once wonderful and terrifying to the natives. Ha; after a New York man gets through docking, clipping and trimming his horse, the animal would be a curiosity anywhere. P. S.—So is his master.

UNDONE.

They bid me laugh and with mirthsome wiles
And laughing jests of the free and gay,
They seek to call to my face the smiles
They mock the joy that is far away.
They bid me sing with the merry crowd,
But the mocking chorus goes on and on—
How can I laugh when the light has bowed,
And the back suspender button gone.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

"I see," said Rollo, as he glanced up from his *Eagle*, "that an Indian band has left the Sioux reservation. What does that mean?" "Why, it means," said Rollo's Uncle George, "that the Sioux couldn't stand 'em any longer, and run 'em off to the mountains to starve. And there's a new band practicing about two blocks down this street ought to be served in the same way, and if we had half the good taste and nerve the Sioux nation has we'd soon run 'em out I'm in for that." "But," said Rollo, "the paper says they were followed a short distance, but disappeared in the direction of the Buttes." "Well," said his Uncle George, "that's it—the boots the outraged Indians threw after the beggars. I never heard an Indian band, but I once heard an Indian sing, and a band must be just awful." "Do they play tunes?" asked Rollo. "No," said Rollo's mother, softly, "they play hairs; just simple hairs." And Rollo said he thought he caught the malady.

ECHO IS REQUESTED TO ANSWER.

Do I think there is anything practical about the "School of Journalism at Cornell University," Mr. Talkative? Do I think there is any reason for the existence of such a school? Young man, I am not going to answer such foolish questions. Tell you what you do: You go out and make a speech—on any subject, I don't care what—anywhere from ten minutes to an hour and a half long, and then see what the morning papers say you said. Then come and tell us if you think a man needs any preparatory education to fit him for the duties of journalism. Don't ask us about it. Go ask the men—orators, ministers, statesmen—who have read long hand reports of their eloquent speeches, and have then set down among the ashes, and poured dust upon their heads, and cried, and cried, and cried, and cried, and cried, and cried.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

A woman, whom she once met on the train, told Lydia Jackson Lamphere how she kept her husband from smoking. "On our wedding day," she said, "I made what I called a declaration of principles to my husband. I said to him that it was my purpose to make his conduct my guide in all respects; that in our family there would be no separate standards, and whatever he would think right for himself should be right for me." You see what was coming. "One evening supper was over, the shades drawn and the lamp lighted, and we were seated for an evening of reading or sewing, when my husband took up his pipe for an evening smoke. Seeing this, I calmly drew from my pocket a pipe, which I began to fill with tobacco exactly as he was doing. As he proceeded, so did I. I coolly scratched a match, lighted the pipe and took a whiff." Well, as the woman told Lydia the story—the husband of course gave up. Good story, as far as it goes, but I can't help thinking what, oh, suffering sisters, what would have happened if that kind hearted husband had not relented, but had kept on smoking, and permitted—invited—nay, urged his wife to join him? What kind of an evening would they—that is, what kind of an evening would she have enjoyed? Oh, sisters, never, no matter what Lydia Lamphere's friend tells you, never try that cure on your husband—your respective husbands, that is. It won't work with all men. It would cure one of you of smoking; that I am sure of, but it wouldn't be him. You may safely try it, if you are fond of excitement of a rather limp and stringy kind; it won't kill you, even if you do take your first smoke with a briar pipe and nigger head tobacco. But you can produce the same effect upon yourself with a milder drug. I tremble—especially about the shoulders—when I think what awful scenes may be precipitated in happy homes by the fallacious theories taught in this story. Why, sister, I have seen a boy, a great, strong, rough boy, fourteen years old, so wrought upon by a mild five cent cigar, nor more than half smoked, that he has stretched himself supinely upon the cold bosom of the inhospitable earth and waited with an unconcern that would chill your blood for death, his father or the doctor to come along, and he didn't care a cent which got the first whack at him. And when you think of a grown up woman, a married woman, mother of children, may be, slipping in on a pipe—well, I don't want to think of it, that's all. I've got to go to bed some time to-night, and I can rest just as well without the nightmare as I can with it and not "holler," till I wake up the whole house. But I cannot close without a parting word of warning. Don't you listen to Lydia Lamphere on this question, for she's your friend, and I don't want you to turn against her. You take the advice of a man who knows more about pipes than you do about husbands, and don't you go to smoking in order to break him of it. Even if you don't die, you might learn to like it as well as he does, and then where would you be if he should want to quit? Don't you smoke pipes; you chew gum, if you must do something wicked. You can worry the immortal life out of him with that if you'll only keep at it, and talk and chew a great deal at the same time. That's very effective. You keep the quid and your jaws going and he'll give up drinking, chewing, smoking, betting, swe—no, he'll grow worse about that, but he'll give up everything else. Unless, in a furious spasm of insanity, he breaks your jaw with a cricket bat and jumps off the bridge at the end of the third week.

Experience.

We aim, we hope, we strive, and then we fail—
When lo! the way to win we clearly see:
Why should we, then, our otherthrow bewail?
Defeat gives us the key to victory!
When comes another chance, to-day, next year,
Shall we, successful, count experience dear?
—*Emma C. Dowd.*

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

THE BLADE'S $2,500 STORY.

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"DID YOU BREAK DOWN IN YOUR SPEECH BECAUSE YOU WERE INTOXICATED?"

CHAPTER XX.

HARRY AND MILLY.

HARRY FOLLETT did not succeed in reaching home on Sunday. He was taken to his hotel, put to bed, and awakened on Sunday morning with fevered brow and aching head, conscious that he had made a blunder that would seriously injure his reputation and prospects. He was naturally of a very sanguine, happy-go-lucky temperament, however, and after he had taken a long walk in the soft October sunshine his spirits revived, and he began to look once more upon the bright side of things. He felt very sure that his party would win in the battle of the ballots but two days in the future; General Ewbank would be triumphantly elected, and himself have an opportunity to push his claims for official preferment.

He had worked himself up into a very gay and light-hearted state, when the thought of Milly once more clouded his roseate visions. She had the habit, too rare among women, of reading the daily newspapers regularly, and keeping herself fully informed of what was passing in the world. And he knew that whenever he was on a campaigning tour she religiously watched the daily press to read with a wife's pride what was said of her husband. He knew she had too much good sense to care particularly for the disparagement of the papers of the opposite party, prompted simply by partisan rancor. But what would she say to the sneers and jeers at him for the miserable exhibition of his infirmity he had made on the previous evening? Coming as it did, immediately after the previous scene, he had an uncomfortable feeling that she would be terribly distressed, and very probably deeply indignant at himself. He shook his head involuntarily as he pictured the scene of their next meeting.

"Well, what's the use of worrying?" said he to himself, finally, "What's done can't be helped; and if Milly chooses to get on the high horse about it, she'll have to ride until she is tired, that's all!" And with this attempt at self-consolation, he went to the hotel bar and took what the lamented Nasby used to call a "reviver." "Ah!" said he, as the glow of the liquid poison began to be felt in every fiber, "whisky's a good thing in its place—if a fellow don't take too much of it!" The eccentric Georgia evangelist, Sam Jones, had not yet startled the public with his famous remark of a similar tenor—that "whisky is a good thing in its place—but its place is hell!"—a thought that had doubtless occurred to thousands long before he uttered it.

Harry reached home on Monday, and was very busy all the remainder of the day in consultation with his fellow-managers regarding the final arrangements for the morrow's election. Every one was jubilant, for they felt certain of victory. And when Harry went home to dinner, his happy mood nerved him for a possible scene with his wife. To his great surprise, however, nothing of the sort occurred. Milly met him in her usual manner, made all sorts of inquiries about his journey and the prospects of the campaign, and was altogether as sweet and loving a wife as the most exacting husband could desire.

"She hasn't read about that confounded buttered watermelon business," was Harry's unspoken thought.

In fact, Milly had not. She had taken much time during his absence to consider matters, and had come to the sound conclusion that anger and reproaches were not likely to prove efficient weapons to combat his indulgence in liquor. Then, too, she hoped that, the campaign being over, he would not be thrown into temptation constantly, and would find, in his quiet round of busy duty but little to incline him to further indulgence. "He knows I detest drinking," she resumed; "and if I do my duty as a wife fully and completely, I can win him from the habit of careless indulgence." Poor girl! She was utterly and entirely ignorant of the subtle fascination that lurks in liquor for those who have become habituated to its use.

"You haven't forgotten to-night, have you, Harry?" she asked him as he rose from the table.

"To-night? What is it? Oh, yes! We were invited to Dr. Andrew's. I had forgotten it for the moment. I'm sorry that the invitation was for to-night, though, I have so much to do."

"Can't you go, Harry? I should like it ever so much."

"Well, I suppose we will have to, that is all. I must run down town for an hour or so, however. You get all ready, and wait for me. I'll come back as soon as I can!" And with a kiss he was gone.

He was delayed even longer than he had anticipated. Milly dressed herself ready for the evening, and sat down to await her husband's coming. To pass the time away, she picked up a newspaper, which she had not yet opened. It happened to be of opposite politics from her husband's, and contained a long and minute account of the occurrences at the Saturday night meeting in which Harry had figured so disgracefully. The pitiless truth was set down in every detail; the afternoon debauch was pictured in revolting colors; and the article ended with a paragraph of stinging sarcasm at the party "whose leaders and managers so outraged every feeling of decency, every sentiment of purity, and openly paraded their vices in public, not even covering them with the mantle of darkness and in the privacy of the haunts of the sinful and degraded," as the writer of the article expressed himself, in fluid language.

Milly read it, hardly stopping to take breath. Her first impulse had been one of uncontrollable indignation—that loyal wrath which every true wife feels when she considers her husband falsely and wilfully assailed by an enemy. The hot blood mounted to her cheek and brow, the hands which held the paper were involuntarily clenched. But as she read on, the minute particularity of detail, the names of the participants in the drinking-bout, the general tenor of the article, gradually forced the awful certainty upon her that the account was true as to the main facts; that the story might be, and possibly was, embellished to make the the narrative more striking, but that the one central point—that her husband had attempted to address a great political gathering while in a state of intoxication, that he had broken down and exhibited his disgraceful condition before all these people—was a fact, a hideous, ignoble fact, and not the creation of a reporter's wilful fancy!

"Oh, my God!" was the heart-broken exclamation that was wrung from her as she dropped the paper and bent her head in tearless agony.

"Is it just to condemn your husband unheard?" whispered Love in the depths of Milly's heart. "Wait till he comes, and ask him to tell you the truth!"

Then again came the crushing conviction that it was true. Had he not been in her presence, in the company of others, so intoxicated that it was remarked by their friends, hardly a week before? He had never expressed the slightest contrition for that fault. That he was guilty she felt absolutely certain. Nevertheless she would give him the benefit of the doubt. She would not abandon the hope that the account was a malicious lie until he had acknowledged it. "For he will not lie to me," she proudly thought.

But if he did admit its truth? What then?

The warnings of her father recurred to her mind, and the old longing for a reconciliation with him, which she had felt so keenly in the earlier days of her married life, came surging back. Her father, alienated because of her choice of a husband; now her husband was becoming—a drunkard! Was it the penalty of her filial disobedience?

Milly sat in her chair, a look of unutterable sadness on her face, and revolved the the situation in her mind. She gazed down the vista of the coming years; to live with Harry, and he a drunkard, would be to her proud, sensitive nature a hell upon earth.

Should she leave him?

And what about little Jack? Whither should she fly to hide herself and her child from a drunken husband and father? If she stayed, would not the boy grow up to follow in his father's footsteps? Her mind was in a whirl. Somehow the idea of a separation from Harry had not the terrors for her that she felt it should have.

Her husband's hurried step sounded on the pavement. He entered the house hurriedly, glanced into the parlor where she sat, and called out pleasantly, as he went up the staircase two steps at a time, "I'll be down in a jiffy, Milly. Sorry I have kept you waiting!" She heard him bustling about the room above, making his toilet. It was but a few minutes until he came down, arrayed in evening dress, ready to accompany her.

Milly did not move. She felt utterly wretched. Could it be possible that this gay, light-hearted man, seemingly without a care in the world, was only two days before a participator in the drunken orgies so pitilessly spread before the world in the newspapers?

"Well, I'm ready, Milly. What's the matter, little girl? Are you ill?"

Milly raised her heavy eyes to meet his own. She saw only concern for herself there. Picking up the paper from the floor, she handed it to him, pointing to the article.

"Is that vile story true?"

Her voice was cold and hard. Harry divined at once the trouble. He glanced at the paper an instant to assure himself, and then tossed it aside.

"Is any campaign story about a political foe true? Have you not read enough of them to know their usual style?"

"Is it true, I ask?"

"A grain of truth, possibly, in a bushel of chaff. Don't pay any attention to it, Milly. I thought you knew better than to do so."

"Tell me that grain of truth."

"What could it be but that we had a jollification dinner over the close of the campaign, and our prospect of sure victory? What has come over you, Milly, that you make a mountain of such a molehill?"

Harry sat down in a chair which he drew near her own, and attempted to take her hand in his. She pushed it away.

"Answer me this: Did you break down in your speech because you were—were—intoxicated?"

Harry laughed uneasily.

"The fact was, I had been overworked. My nerves were out of order. The little I drank was too much for my system in its debilitated condition. I doubt if I could have made the speech under any circumstances. I was dead tired that day."

"Then it is true. Oh, my God!"

The despairing accents smote on Harry's heart. "Nonsense, Milly!" he went on, with an assured air of cheerfulness. These campaign stories count for nothing. They found an opportunity to strike a blow at me, and availed themselves of it. Why need you worry over it? Nobody believes the story!"

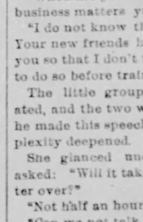
"That is not the thing that is killing me," Milly answered, in a despairing tone. "It is that you persist in drinking. We have not been married three years, yet this habit of drinking has increased upon you so much that within a week you insult your host and humiliate your wife by appearing as a guest in a state of intoxication; you come before a vast audience of men so much under the influence of liquor that you cannot continue your speech—you even can not stand! Why did you marry me—why ask me to give up home and father for such a worthless thing as a drunkard?"

Milly's face was as pale as marble, and there was a dusky gleam in her eyes as she fixed them full upon her husband's countenance. Harry's own eyes fell upon hers; he hastily saying, "Don't let us have a scene, Milly! There's no need of it. Let bygones be bygones!"

"It is not a question of the past, but of the future. Do you imagine that I can endure this sort of life! That I can go on, each day dreading your return lest you shall come to me intoxicated? I could endure anything—sorrow, misfortune, poverty—with you, if they came through no fault of either; but I will not endure them as the result of a coarse, brutish vice, unworthy of a man of your intellect! I tell you plainly," she went on, her color rising, and her eyes sparkling, "that there must be an end to this state of things! You must choose, Harry—choose between me and drink!"

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. MORRIS MAKES HIS PLAY.



DURING the evening at Dr. Andrews's, Mr. Morris, much to his surprise, found it impossible to monopolize Anna Pearce's society as he had done on a former occasion. He had determined to profit by Harry Follett's blunt advice, and to make a determined effort to place himself before the girl's mind as a lover suing for her hand, instead of a guardian, only concerned for her welfare. But when was ever a man a match for two members of the opposition sex? For Jennie Andrews, finding that her friend was in no wise inclined favorably toward Mr. Morris, quietly set herself to thwart that gentleman's aims, and her mischief-loving propensity found in this a favorable outlet. Call when he would at the Follett residence, he either found Jennie there, or Anna absent with her; and the week of Harry's absence passed without his being able to find the opportunity that he sought. He of course received an invitation to the evening party at the Doctor's, and he determined to find some way that evening to make some progress. Jennie's quiet manœuvering, however, was an obstacle he found it hard to overcome.

Morris was not lacking in sagacity, and the suspicion that Jennie was doing this designedly, which he had entertained for some days, became a certainty on that evening, as he noticed the diplomacy with which she not only kept Anna surrounded by young men, chief among whom was the Tom Spurgeon before mentioned, and supplied him with partners in a similar way.

"You are a very clever young lady, Miss Andrews," mused he, "but not quite clever enough to balk me!" He quietly made his way to the little group of which Anna was one, and joined gaily in the conversation. Casually he mentioned his departure from Doncaster.

"Are you going away, Mr. Morris?" exclaimed Anna in surprise.

"Oh, yes; I have called to see you alone for the past two days, to discuss some business matters that need arrangement before I go, but you were out on both occasions."

"When do you return?"

"It is very uncertain whether I shall return at all. I have exhausted my vacation, and must settle down to work."

Anna looked troubled. "How soon are you going?"

"If possible, I wish to leave to-morrow."

"So soon!" exclaimed the girl, in a surprised voice.

"Yes, at once."

"When are you coming to talk over the business matters you mentioned?"

"I do not know that I am coming at all. Your new friends here have monopolized you so that I don't think I will have time to do so before train-time to-morrow."

The little group had gradually separated, and the two were by themselves, as he made this speech. Anna's look of perplexity deepened.

She glanced uneasily around as she asked: "Will it take long to talk the matter over?"

"Not half an hour."

"Can we not talk here?"

"In these crowded rooms? Impossible!"

"Why not walk out, and talk as we go?" pleaded Anna, eagerly.

"Our absence would be remarked. However, if you will make an excuse to leave at once, and allow me to escort you, we can talk at our leasure. It is the only opportunity possible."

The girl cast a regretful glance around the room, and then replied slowly. Well, I will go. Waite for me in the hall, please."

She made her way quietly to Jennie and explained matters in a few words, and soon joined Morris. They left the house, and instead of turning toward the Follett residence, Morris offered his arm and led the way in the opposite direction.

"We will stroll out one of these quiet streets, where we can talk uninterruptedly," he said. A walk of a few squares brought them into the road passing the Hargreave property, and they stopped at the stile leading into the grounds. Anna seated herself upon the lower step, and Morris began:

"When do you think of returning to Des Moines?"

"I hardly know. I suppose I must go soon," Anna replied, regretfully.

"You receive your allowance from the bankers regularly?"

"Oh, yes!"

A few minutes of silence followed. Morris was considering how best to begin his explanation; Anna broke the pause by inquiring: "What is it you wished to talk about? Is there any trouble in my poor little affairs? You spoke of my allowance, you know."

"There's nothing the matter. Your affairs are in a prosperous condition. It is of yourself that I wish to speak."

"Of myself?"

"Yes, Anna, you are almost alone in the world. You have no relatives at your home save the distant branch of your father's family with whom you reside. Your only relative here is Mr. Follett, and he is, unknowingly, of course, in possession of a large share of the property that rightfully belongs to you. You are a young, inexperienced girl, as I said, almost alone in the world. As your guardian I have been brought into close contact with you for several years. I have come to know your nature well. Anna, I have learned to love you!—Hear me," he went on, noting the start she gave at his avowal, "and do not answer me without thought. I am older than you, it is true, but there are many happy couples where the disparity in age is greater than in our case. If you will be my wife, I shall devote my life to the task of making you happy. Consider the matter, Anna; take time if you will; but——"

"No, no, Mr. Morris! It can never, never be!"

"Why not, Anna? I presume you are surprised—that is but natural. But do not answer without consideration. Consult your cousin, Mr. Follett; his judgment in the matter——"

"No, no!" again interrupted the girl, who had risen to her feet, and looked wildly around as if meditating flight, "it is of no use, Mr. Morris. I can never marry you!"

"Never is a long day, Anna. Will you not consult Mr. Follett, before answering?"

"It is of no use. Nothing he could say would do any good. I must go home," and she made a step as if to leave him. Morris gently detained her.

"Do not be afraid, Anna. No harm shall come to you. But you must tell me why you cannot marry me. Be frank with me, Anna!"

"Oh, I cannot do it! I do not love you—I can never love you!"

"Why not?"

"Who can answer such a question? I only know that it is so!"

"Do you love anyone else?"

"You have no right to ask that question!"

"But I have the right to know the ground of objection to myself, have I not?"

"There is nothing, save that I do not, cannot love you! Please let me go home, Mr. Morris!" begged the girl, sobs choking her voice.

"I shall take you home safely, Anna. Have no fear. I have something else to say to you, about your own affairs. I am going away, as you know. Sit down again and listen to me. It concerns yourself, I say; please sit down!"

Anna reluctantly resumed her seat, stifling her emotion as best she could.

"It is the matter of your grandfather's latest will," Morris resumed. "There is no hope of a compromise. Let me explain the situation fully to you. The property which that will gave to your mother, and which you, consequently, should inherit, now belongs to Mr. Hargreave, the father of Mrs. Follett. A suit at law will dispossess him, and place you in possession. Mr. Hargreave bought the interest of Nathan Wilson, your uncle. Harry Follett is Nathan Wilson's heir, and if Hargreave is dispossessed, he will be obliged to look to Follett for repayment of its value. You know that Hargreave is Follett's bitter enemy, and a man who will stop at nothing to carry his point. He will rej

Recent Literature.

BOOKS UPON OUR TABLE.

A Daughter of Eve—Profit Sharing Between Employer and Employe—Alden's Cyclopedia — Julia Ward Howe — Birthday Book—Other Things—April Magazines—Literary Notes.

"A Daughter of Eve," by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," is published by Tickner & Co., Boston. THE BLADE has already mentioned it in its columns as a brilliant story worthy of its author. The whole plot hinges upon the self-love of a woman who wants to be good and true to her higher instincts; but who yields to her family, and destroys her own happiness because she cannot say no at a critical time. She institutes proceedings to break her husband's will, when she has promised to assist in carrying out its provisions to its utmost. The character of Dorothy Hope is a very beautiful one, and the reader's sympathies and interest follow her from first to last. The story is a very fascinating one.

"Profit Sharing Between Employer and Employee," by Nicholas Paine Gilman, is a work which is likely to attract a good deal of attention from everybody who is interested in the discussion of the economic questions of the day. The publishers say of the work what a perusal bears out, that it gives an impartial history of the numerous trials of profit sharing at home and abroad, a clear exposition of the different features of the system, a thorough analysis of the results it has had, and a candid argument for its further extension. The author keeps close to actual experience, avoiding theories, instructions, and rash generalizations. He has presented the facts and the plain logic of profit sharing so fully and clearly that his work may be consulted with confidence. There is no doubt that it will be of great assistance in the future to the student, and be an authority on industrial partnerships. It is brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, in a very handsome style, and will be a pleasing addition to a library.

"The Julia Ward Howe Birthday Book," arranged and edited by her daughter, is published in very pretty form by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The selections for each day are taken from the works of this brilliant writer and lecturer, whose name has become a synonym for strength and ability in woman. They have evidently been chosen by one who has devoted herself most lovingly to the task, and the result is a souvenir for the year that cannot help pleasing its possessor.

The twelfth volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" takes the work from Dominis to Electric Clock. Among the articles treated at more or less length are the following: "Dormant Vitality," 3 pages; "Drainage (in agriculture), about 3 pages; "Drama," over 10 pages; "Dyeing," 5 pages; "Dye Stuffs," about 5 pages; "Ear," 9 pages; "Earthquake," 4 pages; "Easter," 3 pages; "Eclipse," 9 pages; "Education," (including military, state and national, with valuable statistics), 47 pages; and "Egypt," nearly 24 pages. "Electrical Units," over a page, embraces the nomenclature recently made by leading scientists and is here first published in a Cyclopedia. Every volume issued proves the excellence of this work, it being not only trustworthy and accurate, but the plan on which it is made makes it especially attractive to those who have handled the bulky volumes of other works of its kind. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York.

Everybody is attached to a family horse, and everybody wants to know the best way of caring for such an animal. The Orange Judd company, New York, has filled the place of a book which gives this information by publishing "The Family Horse; Its Stabling, Care and Feeding," by George A. Martin. It is well illustrated, and the writer knows what he is talking about. He tells how to select a horse, giving very close directions for judging the age by the teeth and detecting blemishes. In fact, all who desire to know the best care of a noble animal are treated in these pages. The volume is handsomely bound.

In the "Story of the Nations" from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "Phœnicia" from the well-known historical writer, George Rawlinson, M. A., whose name in itself is an assurance of the best kind of work. The story of this country is told in a most interesting and attractive way, beginning with a description of its position and products, then taking up the people and their originality, describing their principle cities, their colonies, and following their history through all of its variations. There are chapters devoted to architecture, manufactures and works of art, their language, writing and literature. The illustrations are abundant, and there is also a comprehensive map.

"Divorce," a novel by Margaret Lee, was published in 1883. Five years after it was read by Mr. Gladstone, says the author, and at his suggestion was brought out in England by Macmillan & Co. under the title of "Faithful and Unfaithful." In this new edition, issued by Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York, the two titles are combined, and a preface by Mr. Gladstone is given. The narrative contains nothing startling, but there is a directness and simplicity and truthfulness in the style, a total absence of self-consciousness or search after effect that gives it an unquestioned reality and life-like likeness, appealing as nothing else can to the human heart. Like Miss Austen and Miss Gaskell, Margaret Lee is content to draw everyday life as she sees it. She bestows on her work a minute carefulness of detail which would be no discredit to either of these eminent novelists. It makes pleasant reading.

"The Stalwarts; or, Who Were to Blame?" is described as a historical novel, portraying 50 years of American history. The author is Frances Marie Norton, the only sister of Charles J. Guiteau, and the object of its writing is to show the political complications which led up to the civil war and the assassinations of Lincoln and Garfield. As one can readily imagine, it is a defense of Guiteau to prove that he was really insane and the victim of political machinations. The characters are filly-concealed representations of well known people. The style is somewhat strong, crude in some places, but on the whole written so as to hold the reader through to the close of the book. Published by the author, Chicago.

Literary Notes.

Charles Eliot Norton will deplore the lack of old homes in America in the May *Scribner's*.

Prof. Mommsen is at work among the books of the Bibliotheque Nationale.

Dr. Holmes receives from twenty to fifty letters a day from people he never heard of. They all expect an answer.

Miss Betham-Edwards has edited Arthur Young's "Travels in France," and it will appear as one of the volumes of Bohn's "Library."

A second volume of Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges" will be published in May.

M. Taine is recovering his health and is again at work upon a series of papers on the "Reconstruction of France in 1800."

The life of Jane Austen is to be written by Mr. Oscar Fay Adams of Boston and Cambridge. He is going to England to study his subject.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce for early publication a new edition of "My Religion."

It is said that one of the English novelists is able to repeat from memory every word he has written—and he is the author of many books.

Mrs. Stokes's clever book on the Shakespeare-Bacon question will be published immediately in this country by Tickner & Co.

Dr. Maudsley has written an article on "The Double Brain," dealing with the question of the separate action of the two hemispheres of the brain. It will appear in *Mind*.

"John Ward, Preacher," has received the honor of being pirated in London. Longmans, Green & Co. are authorized publishers, and pay the author a royalty. Warne & Co. have pirated the book, as they have also done Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur."

"The Two Chiefs of Dunboy" is the title of Mr. Froude's forthcoming novel. *The Book Buyer* says that the period in which its action takes place is in the middle of the last century, and that the characters include Irish exiles in France, smugglers and privateersmen.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is trying his hand at biography, as well as fiction—two things which are sometimes synonymous. He is writing a book on Sir John Hawkwood for the "English Men of Action" series. Mr. Walter Besant will prepare the volume on Captain Cook, and Mr. Clark Russell that on Dampier. Mr. Archibald Forbes is writing the "Havelock."

Rand, McNally & Co. have in press "The Salvation Army, Aims and Methods of the Hallelujah Band," by "Nora Marks," who joined the army for the purpose of writing the book. It will be published in paper covers, with shield, initial, etc., in "official" colors.

The memory of the late Mrs. S. C. Hall was not remarkable. Travelling with her husband from Liverpool to London about 1860, he bought some light literature for her to read in the train. One of the serials she pursued with very close attention, and finally handed it over to Mr. Hall, with the remark, "Read that; it is a capital Irish story." She was struck with surprise, when told it was her own.

The *Publisher's Weekly* says: J. B. Lippincott & Co. have nearly ready an anonymous story entitled "John Charaxes." Some who have seen the work think that its familiarity with Boston society, traditions, etc., the peculiar religious and political views occasionally expressed, and the scholarly style, point to the eminent lawyer, George Ticknor Curtis. This accords with certain rumors which have recently been afloat regarding his intention to write a novel bearing somewhat on the questions culminating in the civil war.

ABOUT SHOE BRUSHES.

The Best Are Made From Russian Bristles—How They Are Made.

"The best shoe brushes," said a Brooklyn manufacturer, "are made from Russian bristles taken from the back of the wild boar. In fact, these bristles are the only kind that are used in the manufacture of any variety of first-class brushes. The American pig cultivates bristles of a poor quality, a result probably of generations of good living. By the way, although this is but incidentally connected with the subject, did you ever see them scrape the bristles from a hog? No? Well, it is an interesting sight. As the porker comes up out of the vat of boiling water into which he was dumped a few seconds after he was stuck, a hook is fastened to his jaw. To the hook is attached a stout chain, which in turn is fastened to a drum, after it has passed up through an upright steel boiler or what looks like a boiler. It is not really a boiler, you know, but simply a steel lined with sharp blades fastened to its sides by springs. At a signal the drum revolves and Mr. Pig is drawn slowly up through this apparatus, coming out at the top nearly as smooth as a baby's face. You see, the knives scrape off the bristles and the springs upon which they are fixed make them pass over every portion of the hog's anatomy. The few remaining bristles are picked off by hand. As I have said, these American bristles are not much good, for they are soft and flabby. Shoe brushes are not only made of bristles, but horse hair is also used in their manufacture. Horsehair brushes are much cheaper than bristle brushes, and you can buy a good one of the former variety for from 25 cents to 75 cents, while the latter range in price from 75 cents to $2 50. Brushes made with separate daubers are prevalent nowadays, although but a few years ago you could scarcely buy a blacking brush without the dauber attached. For a very cheap brush a substance called Tampico, a grass that grows in Mexico, is used."

"Blacking brushes vary in stiffness, do they not?"

"Yes, indeed; some people prefer a very stiff one, and others those more flexible. Brushes are high priced not only because of the cost of first class bristles, but also because they have to be made by hand. The Russian bristles come in sorted bundles, which weigh from one to five pounds apiece. They are then packed into hogsheads, which, when filled, weigh about 600 pounds. The first process through which they are put when received at the factory is the combing process. A comb is firmly fastened to a bench, and the comber draws the bristles, a handful at a time, over it, thus separating the long from the short. Another combing follows after the bristles have been washed, and the best bleached. The longest bristles are about seven inches in length and are used largely in the making of paint brushes. The wooden portion of a shoe brush is shaped and bored full of small holes by machinery. Into each hole is then passed the doubled over ends of the bristles and a wire is passed through the loop. This wire is continuous and is passed around until all the bristles are firmly secured. The holes are then stopped with cement and a piece of polished veneer of the right shape is glued on to the back. Sometimes the ends of the bristles are evened off one row at a time, but usually the rough ends are passed over a revolving knife, which clips them down to an even surface. The brushes are then varnished, and when dry are ready for the market. Recently there have been invented many new kinds of daubers with galvanized frames, iron frames and handles. The bristles are held in place in such by compression and cement. Many of these daubers have a sharp iron point at the side by which the dry mud may be scraped from the shoe."

QUEER THINGS IN MAIL BAGS.

The Museum of the Dead Letter Office—Strange Objects Found.

The museum of the dead letter office is one of the most interesting resorts for visitors in the city. Many of the more curious articles that have been sent through the mails and failed to reach their destination have found an abiding place in the three large glass cases that are devoted to their exhibition, while a local auctioneer yearly disposes of thousands of unclaimed merchandise articles that come to that office. The museum contains some interesting relics, but one's interest is mainly claimed by seeing how some people have endeavored to use the mails for the transportation of articles that to express company would receive. Knowing what they were, a bullet of cord wood and a loaded revolver occupy positions of honor in close proximity to an alligator and some snakes, which were alive when the attempt was made to send them. Bread must have been scarce at one time, or the sender had a hungry friend, for somebody mailed a loaf of bread, which is now one of the relics of the museum.

Some rural swain, who evidently lived in a section of the country where paper was a luxury, indited a loving epistle to his best girl on a shingle. Whether the girl still looks for the letter that never came is a question. At all events the postoffice officials never found her to make the delivery. An Indian scalp, a bottled centipede, and a hitching post form a trinity of curios, while a skull that never found an owner makes the background for the most miscellaneous collection of old coats that was ever gotten together. An old mail-bag stained with blood tells the story of the faithful devotion to duty—which he sealed with his blood—of an Arizona mail carrier who was killed by Apache Indians in 1885.—*Washington Post.*

Ruled by Women All His Life.

Here is a pretty compliment to "our mothers, our wives and daughters," and the general sentiment of all men will be to approve it as correct: "Rev. Dr. Benjamin Akerly, the venerable Episcopalian minister of Oakland, Cal., said the other evening to a pretty young lady from New York, so the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reports: 'In looking over my career, I find that I have been ruled by a woman all my life. When I was a boy my mother ruled me; when I got married I had to do as my wife wished, and now I find that I am not independent of my daughter's commands.'

"'And yet you seem to have survived pretty well under their tyrannical sway,' remarked the young lady.

"'Indeed I have,' said Dr. Akerly, 'and were I to confess, I should say that had I always followed their sound advice, I should have made fewer mistakes in life.'"

Painting Father and Daughter.

Mr. Foddersbee—And is that all you have done? Why, it isn't half finished, and Helen has had three times as many sittings as I had when you painted me.

Jack Gamboye—Well—ah—you see, my dear Mr. Foddersbee, I—ah—it takes longer to paint a—ah—a young woman than it does to——

Mr. Foddersbee—H'm, yes; I suppose so—particularly if she's pretty?—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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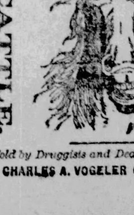

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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ONLY A MATTER OF FORM,

But It Became a Serious Problem With Chief Justice Fuller and Senator Evarts.

The families of Chief Justice Fuller and Senator Evarts are thick. It has brought about a remarkable reform in certain social customs. The celebrated writer on etiquette, Mrs. Pussie Sherwood, declares with emphasis that, in making calls, cards should be left for every member of the family. In strict adherence to this rule, when the seven Evarts girls went over to call on the Fullers they had to leave cards of themselves and papa and mamma Evarts for papa and mamma Fuller and the eight Fuller girls—that is:

7 plus 2x2 plus 8=90.

Each time they made a call they had to leave ninety cards on the hall table, and when the Fuller girls went over to see the Evarts family they had to leave ninety cards to do the thing in proper shape.

Now, those girls would die, each and every one of them, rather than do a single thing which was not chic, and recherche, and au fait, and en regle, and cafe au lait, especially the Fuller girls, and as they ran back and forth to see each other in their innocent girlish way not less than four times a day, the equation stood at the end of the month:

90x2x4x30=21,600.

Justice Fuller came here about the 1st of October, and by the end of the year his dear girls had used over 30,000 cards calling on the Evarts girls, and not less than 30,000 more calling on other precious creatures, and the house was full of cards. He couldn't pick up a book or put down a hand without grabbing a handful of cards. The house was carpeted with cards. And it was the same way over at Senator Evarts's.

The Judge had been drawing his $10,500 a year in monthly installments, and paying his landlord $1,000 a month with commendable regularity and cheerfulness. But when January 1 came around and the stationer ran in a bill of $600 for printing 60,000 visiting cards, the Judge felt apprehensive.

The stationer had the thing down fine. To accommodate the girls he had been putting the cards up in neat little decks of ten—just family decks you see. Then, when a call was made, a pack was left for each member of the family called upon. And the Evarts had theirs fixed the same way. So convenient; didn't have to break a deck.

The justice carefully brushed his hat that evening. He had thought of buying a new tile as a New Year's present, but he put away the notion and gave the old one a whirl against a benzine rag; then put it on, washed his hands carefully, gave his mustache a twist, and went over to Senator Evarts's. He looked longingly at a passing street car, and resolutely braced himself against temptation and walked.

The senator and the justice had a long confidential talk, and parted with a cordial grasp of the hand. The next day a furniture van, heavily laden, went from the Evarts house to the Fuller house, and a big two-horse dray, loaded to the scuppers, toiled from the justice's to the senator's. The girls were exchanging cards. Now, when they make calls on each other they just bang on the newel post and holler up stairs.—*Washington Post.*

REMEDY FOR TRUSTS.

A New Line of Treatment Suggested—Will It Do?

For trusts limiting their operations to the United States a line of treatment has been suggested which has doubtless had its origin in legal consideration of the railroad question. Since its settlement has been stoutly maintained by expert authority to consist in the frank acceptance of the pool and its legalization, why not, it is asked, also legalize the trust, surrounding its control with all the safeguards necessary and feasible? The state also recognizes a degree of supervision over certain quasi public businesses—banking, insurance and railroading. Its supervision may be justly extended to the trusts, while, at the same time, the levy of a just tax will make the people sharers in the advantages of trust organizations. Their affairs published, their managers will have a better chance to cultivate a sense of public responsibility than at present, when, without status, their security threatened by attacks of all sorts, they seem intent on making the most of an opportunity which they expect not to be brief. Because less in direct legislation than in residual competition lies the curb of extortion, this must be insured by strict enforcement of adequate laws against conspiracy. Were trusts legalized, it is said—did publicity attend their transactions—it would be both wise and profitable for them to make the public willing parties to their existence by employing their systematization of business to serve the public better than unorganized competition in the past has ever been able to do.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Teacher Let That Boy Alone.

It is universally admitted that the small boy who has a penchant for bugs, and insects, and reptiles is the worst variety of boy. There is one of this sort in Atlanta who is an ornament to his parochial order of small boy. He spends his afternoons and all his spare time, of which he seems to have a good supply, in foraging in the country for bugs and lizards. Every morning he takes in his pockets to school the results of his last raid. Monday the specimens of insectivorous and reptilian life that he can fish up from the depths of his trousers pockets are many and varied awful to force forget and look at. Last week and the teacher took an inventory of the bugs and beasts found in his pockets or that escaped therefrom and terrified the other children—and the teacher. There were several varieties of beetles, pigeons with broken wings, English sparrows, butterflies, devilhorses, slugs, snails, earthworms, lizards, a snake or two, and an occasional frog, damp and cold. One day he slyly opened the flap of his pocket, and then went on in his hard, resolute effort to make his teacher think he was studying. After a while the teacher noticed a grasshopper hopping agilely from desk to desk, amid the titter and a teehee of the scholars. A chase was begun, when another grasshopper was seen, then another, and they were everywhere hopping all over the room and sticking their sharp feet in the little girls' hair, frightening them half to death. "Come here," shouted the teacher to the tender lover of insects, as she reached for a ferrule. "Give me your hand, sir." The naturalist held out his hand as if he was a martyr to science. The teacher was about to seize it when she caught sight of two green eyes that flashed at her from the boy's hand, and a sharp forked tongue that seem to dart into her face. The boy had a snake coiled around his arm. He was not ferruled and the teacher has not felt well since.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Col. Fred Grant's Linguistic Powers.

A physician of this city who was at West Point in 1867, when Col. Fred Grant, who has been named by President Harrison for minister to Austria-Hungary, was passing an examination for promotion, tells a story of the young man's linguistic abilities which ought not to be told at the court of Vienna. Major McMullan, the Instructor in French, gave Grant a French passage to translate at sight, the passage being entitled "Leopold, Duc d'Autriche." The young man was to begin it and give an easy translation to the end of the passage. He read the French with a fair accent, and then began the English. He halted over the title but an instant, and then read off, "Leopold, the duck and the ostrich." The anecdote is one of the traditions of West Point to this day.—*Providence Journal.*

Spring Medicine.

The necessity of a spring medicine is almost universally admitted. And the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose becomes more and more widely known every year. That power to purify the blood, and those elements of strength and health which the system craves, and to which it is so susceptible at this season, are possessed by this peculiar medicine in a pre-eminent degree. Scrofula, pimples, boils, or any humor, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, catarrh, rheumatism, or any diseases or affections caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try the peculiar medicine.

A Sad Remembrance.

He—"She always goes alone. Won't have a gentleman attend her anywhere. Her last escort met such a shocking death right before her eyes, you know."

She—"I think I remember. He lost his life trying to save her when the theatre caught fire, didn't he?"

He—"No. He was crushed to death by the ladies at Easterdudd's spring opening."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Wearing Stockings.

Two centuries ago not one person in a thousand wore woven stockings; one century ago not one person in five hundred wore them; now, not one person in a thousand is without them; yet William Lea, the inventor of the stocking frame, could get no person to patronize his invention, and he died of a broken heart.

They Like the Light.

The English sparrows are building their nests in the electric lamps in Atlanta, Ga.

THE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY TO HIS FAIREST PUPIL.

Thou tender, graceful little maid,
I see thee now at play at tennis,
In modesty of youth arrayed.
Thou mindest me of the daisy, which to enlightened minds is yclept bellis perennis.

I can but love thee, little girl,
I fain would call thee mia sposa;
Thou art as blooming and as fair
As that queen of the garden, the rose; see Linnæus—rosa.

My doting heart doth fly to thee—
It is thine own heart—nolens volens;
And in the garland of thine years
I pray may come no rue, the proper name of which, by-the-by, is ruta graveolens.

For all thy blue (viola) eyes,
Thy lips and cheeks like blushing rosa,
Thou art as modest and as shy
As the common field flower popularly known as the buttercup, but generally as the ranunculous bulbosa.

Thy lips like Cupid's bow appear
Or like a charming choral chalice.
Thou art as innocent and pure
As the purest snowdrop—the snowdrop is the colloquial name; in reality it is the galanthus nivalis.

Although so gay and thoughtless thou,
Thy joys on wantonness ne'er border,
Thou art an airy butterfly—
Butterfly is only the vulgar vernacular for an insect of the papilio family, lepidoptera order.

When thou dost smile in maiden glee,
Thy profile is a classic Grecian.
Thy teeth to pearls I must compare.
(Pearls, by the way, are merely bicarbonate of lime, interstratified with animal membrane; in molluscs the result of a diseased secretion.)

If thou dost love me, dear, or no,
I love as Strephon loved his Phyllis.
I pray thy fair head may be crowned
With wreaths of laurel—which as you probably know, is the laurus nobilis.

—*America.*

HOW RATS CARRY EGGS.

An Omaha Man Watches the Performance and Describes It.

L. L. Cloud, of Omaha, in a Chicago paper says: Last summer the girl kept complaining that she could never find any eggs in the barn. I did not think much of it at first, but finally when the complaint was repeated almost every day I began to think it was rather strange that we should not get more than three or four eggs when we had at least five dozen hens, and so determined to look into the matter. It was more than a week, though, before I solved the mystery, and then it was merely by accident. I was standing in the barn one Sunday morning when a hen came cackling from her nest in the manger, and a few minutes after a big rat came from his hole, ran across the barn and climbed into the manger. I could hear him, and was idly watching to see what he was doing, when you can imagine my surprise to see him rolling the egg in front of him toward the edge of the manger. After a good many efforts he finally succeeded. He paused there, gathering the egg up under his "chin;" he rolled himself completely around it, resembling the form of a hedgehog when alarmed, then he deliberately rolled over the edge of the manger, and dropped squarely on his back on the floor, two feet below, thus saving the egg whole. Immediately he began to squeal with all his strength, and just as I was starting to put him out of his misery, thinking he had broken his back in the fall, two other rats appeared on the scene. They ran up to the first one, as he lay on the floor, and each seizing hold of a hind leg began to drag him, egg and all, across the barn. Just one flight reached the hole, and the first old grizzled fellow disappeared, pushing the egg in front of him, it dawned on me that I had at last found out where our eggs had been going.

OFFICIAL.

United States Government Report.

National Board of Health. Washington, D. C. Bulletin—Supplement No. 6, page 33:

I have tested several kinds of baking powders which I have bought in the open market. The following table gives the commercial name of the baking powder and the number of cubic centimeters of gas given off:

No. 1. Dr. Price's (contains no Ammonia, Lime or Alum)	338
Royal	348

By R. G. KEDZIE,
President State Board of Health of Michigan.

These investigations were not made for a money consideration, but in the interest of the government of the United States We know that it will delight the millions of housekeepers who use DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER to see it endorsed as free from Ammonia, Lime, Alum or any drug taint, by the highest authorities.

Connemara's Lovely Women.

The women of Connemara are picturesque in attire and shapely in form to a remarkable degree. Their limbs are long and graceful. They are erect and spirited in carriage, and the immense black braidens, or cloaks, which are their slipon coverings in clothing are shrouded, fall in truly classic folds about them. Bare-limbed as the men, at all seasons, you will not infrequently catch glimpses of legs as exquisitely molded as those of Venus of Cos, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburg *Post* from Ireland, while the most voluptuous types of Southern Europe, or languorous, tropical climes, are not more perfect in examples of tapering, dimpled arms, beautifully formed shoulders and full but lengthend neck with dove-like double curve. The broad, large faces are still superbly oval. The chin has strength, the full, shapely mouth is red, and tenderly, expressively curved; the regular teeth are charming in pearl-white glint and dazzle; the nose is large, well cut, with full, expressive nostrils; the eyes, under long, heavy lashes, look straight and honestly at you out of clear, large depths of gray or blue; the eyebrows are marvels of nature's pencilings; the forehead is large and fair, and such heads of hair crown all that were they unloosened the Connemara woman could stand upon and be entirely concealed, surpassing her sloe-black braideen. Not a thread is on them besides the Connemara flannel. It is spun from the wool of the mountain sheep.

Is Wood Chopping a Preacher's Work?

The Rev. Rudolph C. Gates, pastor of a church in Butler county, maintains that wood chopping is not inconsistent with his ministerial calling, and proposes to test the question in court. Mr. Gates, in taking out a policy in the Philadelphia Mutual Accident Relief association, availed himself of the reduced rates usually afforded to gentlemen of the cloth. Recently he cut his knee while chopping wood, and was laid up four weeks. When he applied for the $100 benefit money which his policy called for, the company refused to pay, claiming that chopping wood was not part of Mr. Gates' ministeral duties, and that as he was insured as a clergyman he could only claim relief for any accident that might befall him in the pursuit of any business not inconsistent with his calling. He yesterday retained counsel to persecute his claim against the company.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Ample Excuse.

Mother—What time did that young man leave last night?

Miss Laura—About three o'clock, I think.

Mother—And you have the impudence to tell me this. I would be highly delighted to hear what excuse you can possibly offer for such outrageous conduct—if you have any to offer.

Miss Laura—We didn't get the last pig in the pen until then, mamma.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The Modern Craze for Flowers.

The queen of Sheba, in her most extravagant hour, would n't have dared to run up such flower bills as are common here. Ladies use flowers everywhere and in amazing profusion. On pleasant days Fifth avenue is a mob of carriages, and every carriage is a garden. Huge bunches of superb roses ornament the ladies' dresses, or are held carelessly in the hand. In the theaters this beautiful extravagance is especially noticeable.—*New York Press.*

Where the Profit Comes In.

Barber—I would like to sell you a bottle of this balm. It will surely bring out your hair.

Customer—Why are you so eager to sell? Is there a large margin on it?

Barber—The margin on this is very small, sir, but we get a royalty from the wig maker.

CHEST PAINS
COUGHS, COLDS

Chest Pains, Coughs and Colds, Weak Lungs, Backache, Kidney Pains, Rheumatism and all muscular pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster; 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE ARMY BUGS.

[Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye."]

SOLDIERS sing of their beans and canteen,
Of their coffee in old army cup;
Why not mention the small friends we've seen,
Always trying to chew armies up?

CHORUS—Those firm friends, tireless friends
Hardly ever neglecting their bugs,
Their regard never ends,
How they loved us—those old army bugs.

They would patiently bear all reproof,
And abuse would their love ne'er repel;
When away from the camp far aloof
You saw boys boiling shirts—you could tell.

And sometimes squirming comrades you'd see
Hard at work in resisting attacks;
While back shoulders were scratching a tree,
On account of those tarnal graybacks.

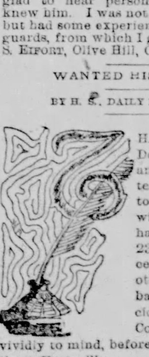
No one thought it was *rid*-iculous,
Which the wise men call *pe*-diculous,
Yelled the boys, "What a mash-of-a-muss,
That those tramps should cause us so much fuss."

Many years has sweet peace blessed our land,
Gone forever the war's deadly tugs;
But among thoughts of war days will stand
Keen remembrance of those army bugs.

—*Acme Haversack.*

WHO GOT THOSE POTATOES?

BY COMRADE C. B ANDERSON.



IN the autumn of 1863, while we were en route from New Orleans to Matagorda Bay, on the Gulf coast, Cos. I and C, of the 16th O. V. I., were quartered on the upper deck of the steamer. The cook-room was located just aft of the pilot-house. The door leading to the kitchen consisted of two sections, the upper half of which was usually open for ventilation, while the lower half was tightly barred. While near this door a comrade observed the cook taking out of the pot a dish full of boiled potatoes, which he placed on a side table. He then turned his attention to some other portion of his culinary duties, with his back towards the door. A soldier eyed the dish of nice-looking potatoes lovingly for a few minutes; but they were apparently beyond his reach.

Directly a brilliant idea occurred to him. He quietly removed the ramrod from his gun, and by its aid easily succeeded in reaching the coveted vegetables. Potato after potato was deftly impaled on the screw end of the efficient ramrod and safely deposited in his capacious haversack. When he was on the point of calling a halt in this impromptu transfer of cooked rations, the unsuspecting cook turned around to get the potatoes, intending to mash them. Imagine his amazement and surprise when he discovered that more than one-fourth of them had mysteriously disappeared. He knew the lower section of the door leading into the cook-room had not been opened, and he also knew that while soldiers were said to have "long fingers," none could possibly have either fingers or arms long enough to reach those potatoes, and he could not account for their disappearance in any other way than by some freak of legerdemain. I could have thrown some light on the matter, but wisely kept mum. However, at this late day I would like to know who got those potatoes!

"COLONEL" EIFORT.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In THE BLADE of December 6, last, I read an article headed "After Wheeler's Raiders," and December 20, one entitled, "Major Crooker Explains," in both of which is mentioned the death of my son, William Henry Eifort, of the Ind. Ky. Cav. Both comrades were mistaken in the spelling of the name, although it is pronounced as if the first letter was "I." They were also mistaken as to the time of his death. He lived twelve hours after being carried to a house near by. Comrades Mike McCarty and George Kurtz remained with him until the end came, then accompanied the remains to our home at Boone Furnace, Carter Co., Ky., from which place they were taken for interment to the cemetery at Portsmouth, O. He entered the army in July, 1861, at the age of 18 years, going into Camp Joe Holt, in Indiana, serving a little over three years. Many of his regiment were from Greenup county, and the G. A. R. post at Greenup has been named Henry Eifort post in his honor. We are interested in any items concerning him, and would be glad to hear personally from any who knew him. I was not in the army myself, but had some experience among the home guards, from which I get the title.—"COL." S. EIFORT, Olive Hill, Carter Co., Ky.

WANTED HIS NATIONS.

BY H. S., DAILY BRANCH, NEB.

HANKS, Comrade Depew, of the 22d Ia. and as the New York telegraph expert said to Edison over the wires; "Give us your hand." The 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th Iowa certainly knew each other when in line back of Virginia. Incidents at Houston Court-house come vividly to mind, before and after the battle of Hartsville.

A soldier of Capt Shrader's company was marched up to headquarters under guard for refusing to go on guard duty without his rations. Acting Adjutant General C. P. Heath set him at work carrying a large cordwood stick around the Court-house, as punishment, which resulted in some fun for the boys. However, when Gen. Warren came around he ordered the soldier, H. H. Grosvenor, released, and rations distributed. The writer was left with your good and faithful Surgeon Lee to look after the Post hospital, but we soon reported at St. Louis. Though Gen. Warren did not survive long after the war, yet there are many green spots to his memory, for he had many gentlemanly ways. One incident in point: While the 21st hospital was in camp for a brief period at New Orleans, the general came in and chatted with the sick in the kindliest and most sympathetic manner, and with words of cheer, while at the same time our regimental officer was as stiff and unbending as the New England hills he came from.

I am a New England Yankee, but I ask: "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" I have stood on Mt. Washington since then, with the morning sunrise gleaming far away and below me, and should have been glad then to have stood on that officer's rocky head just long enough to have had his photo taken with the rest of that mountain group. Hurt him? Not much!

By the way, several of the 22d are in this vicinity. H. H. Grosvenor is at Daily Branch, Dixon county, Neb., and Dr. Heath is at Sioux City. And now, boys of the 21st Iowa, wake up. Remember who treed the chaplain's coon at Berwick Bay, La.

HE'S ALL RIGHT.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was a member of Co. F, 1st Neb. V. V. Cav. Enlisted at Batesville, Ark. I saw a few lines in the CAMP FIRE some time since, but for some reason the comrade failed to give his name, only stating that he belonged to Co. K. I would like to hear from more of the old comrades. I am a Mississippian by birth, but I am the son of an old Whig, who was also a staunch friend of the Union in 1832, in South Carolina. I have helped elect three or four Republican Presidents. I belong to that class of soldiers who, though loyal to the heart's core, are yet excluded from the G. A. R. I don't think those who made the laws of the order meant to cast any stigma on such as myself, yet the fact remains that there are thousands of just such to-day, scattered over the country, who have been honorably discharged, but are kept out simply because lost or taken prisoners. The rebels said they threw 354 shot and shell at us. Smith and the engineer were so badly scalded by the explosion that they both died shortly after.—J. COMSTOCK, Sergt. Co. B, 47th, O. V. V. I., Shepherd, Mich.

CAMP FIRE CHAT.

IS A G. A. R. MAN.—I had been watching the CAMP FIRE column for some time, expecting to see a letter from some of the 11th Pa. Cav. Vols., and had about concluded they were all dead, until I saw a communication from an old comrade, A. H. Townsend. I enlisted in 1862, at the age of 17 years, and served until the close of the war. I was with the regiment in every battle and skirmish in which it took part, and never received a wound. Neither do I receive a pension. Am a life-long Republican and G. A. R. man. Comrade Townsend, let us hear from you again.—J. C. WEAVER, Church, Pa.

* * *

MORE MARCHING THAN FIGHTING.—In reading the CAMP FIRE, recently, I noticed a letter from one of my old comrades, R. U. West, of Co. I, 13th Wis. V. I., and I heartily agree with him, in that we did more marching than fighting. I enlisted at Fort Donelson, in Capt. Kingman's company (Co. I, 13th Wis.) and was always ready and willing to do my duty as a soldier. I am a native of Tenn., but I love the boys who were the blue, and enjoy reading their contributions to the CAMP FIRE.—ROBERT PATTERSON, Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.

* * *

FROM A TENNESSEE LASS:—I am a soldier's daughter and enjoy reading the soldiers' letters to the CAMP FIRE. My father was born and raised in Tennessee, and enlisted as a private in Co. C, 3d Ten. Cav., December 5, 1862. He was mustered in for three years but did not serve his time. He says he was a hearty, robust man when he went into the service, but lacked a great deal of being such when he returned. He has made applications for a pension for seven or eight years, but has never received a dollar as yet, but hopes to during Corporal Tanner's regime. Would like to hear from other daughters of old soldiers through the CAMP FIRE.—NANNIE RUSSELL, Morgantown, Tenn.

* * *

WAS NOT THERE.—I noticed in THE BLADE of March 14 that "A Comrade" requests some of the boys to "fall in and tell about Zollicoffer at Nashville in 1864-65." I am not a comrade, but I read the CAMP FIRE, and I can tell him that the man was not there. I was dead for a long time—was killed at Mill Springs, Ky.—J. R. MARTIN, Gary, Dak.

* * *

A SOLDIER'S SON.—My father, Calvin Williams, was a member of Co. G, 28th O. V. M. He enlisted in August 1863, under Cyrus Carpenter, and died in May, 1864, in the hospital at New Creek Station, Va. I am a constant reader of the CAMP FIRE, but have not seen any letters from comrades of my father's regiment. If any should read this I would be pleased to hear from them through the C. F.—THOMAS W. WILLIAMS, Upland, Ind.

* * *

WAR SONG WANTED.—H. E. Paine, of Scranton, Penn., is desirous of procuring a copy of a poem published in an Ohio paper during the war, perhaps in 1863, and copied quite generally by union papers throughout the North. It was written by a soldier of the Army of the Cumberland, soon after Vallandingham had been sent through our lines at Murfreesboro. Mr. Paine wishes to preserve the poem as a part of the literature of that period, and says he will pay $5 to the first person sending him a complete and correct copy of the same. The first stanza reads as follows:

Soldiers of the Cumberland, warm-hearted, brave and true,
Who have met the Northern traitors, Southern traitors to subdue,
Let's send home for a Copperhead—a regular blatant one—
And the beauties of a soldier's life we'll make him share with us.

* * *

TO ARMY COMRADES:—Comrade S. J. Smith, of Co. E, 3d Minn. Vet. Vol. Inft., now at Tomlinson, Scott county, Ark., will gladly answer any questions asked by old army comrades who

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Lincoln's and Grant's Cabinets.

J. W. W., Republican City, Neb.: 1.—Lincoln's first Cabinet consisted of: Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward; Treasury, S. P. Chase; War, Simon Cameron; Navy, Gideon Welles; Interior, C. B. Smith; Postmaster General, Montgomery Blair; Attorney General, Edward Bates. The changes were: Wm. P. Fessenden succeeded Chase on July 1, 1864; E. M. Stanton succeeded Cameron Jan. 15, 1862; John P. Usher succeeded Smith Jan. 8, 1863; Wm. Dennison succeeded Blair on March 4, 1865; James Speed succeeded Bates Dec. 2, 1864.

2.—Grant's first Cabinet was: Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish; Treasury, George S. Boutwell; War, John A. Rawlins; Navy, Adolph E. Borie; Interior, Jacob D. Cox; Postmaster General, J. A. J. Creswell; Attorney General, E. R. Hoar. The changes were: Treasury, W. A. Richardson, March 17, 1873; B. H. Bristow, June 4, 1874; L. M. Morrill, July 4, 1876. War, W. T. Sherman, Sept. 9, 1869; W. W. Belknap, Oct. 25, 1869; J. D. Cameron, May 22, 1876. Navy, Geo. M. Robeson, June 25, 1869. Interior, Columbus Delano, Nov. 1, 1870; Zach. Chandler, Oct. 19, 1875. Attorney General, A. T. Ackerman, June 23, 1870; Geo. H. Williams, Dec. 14, 1871; Edwards Pierrepont, April 26, 1875; Alphonso Taft, May 22, 1876.

3.—If a hole extended through the center of the earth from one side to the other, a ball dropped in from either side would, after returning backward and forward for some little time, come to rest at the center (presuming the center of the earth to be also its center of gravity.) Only 3 questions at a time, please. Read Rule 1.

Tea and Coffee in Bonded Warehouses.

J. D. C., East Toledo, O.: The account of the $1,500,000 fire we published came by Associated Press. The following, which we have received from Chicago in response to our inquiry, explains the matter:

"In the haste of preparation for transmission by telegraph, an inaccurate statement was made in the report of the Manierre warehouse fire on March 26. The inaccuracy was in the italicized words in the following sentence:

"It was a government bonded warehouse, and 90 per cent. of its contents were teas and coffees *in bond for the import duty.*'

"There is no import duty on tea or coffee, but the goods mentioned were in the bonded warehouse, nevertheless.

"Under the terms of the tea-adulteration act of March 3, 1883, it is provided that all teas, upon importation, must go into a bonded warehouse till released upon a permit from the collector of customs after examination as to their purity.

"Coffee, though on the free list, sometimes gets into a bonded warehouse. In this case, if the importer fails to enter the consignment as free of duty when landed from the vessel, or if it is sent forward to the interior under the immediate transportation law, it is transferred to a bonded warehouse, and a permit from the collector to get it out becomes necessary, just as in the case of tea.

"The fact that whiskies are held in bonded warehouses pending the payment of the internal revenue tax, in no way leads to the erroneous statement by the reporter in the first place."

Rum and License.

G. A. B., Cedar Lake, N. Y., says: In THE BLADE of March 4, where you discussed the license question, you say: "Under the common law, the sale of rum is as legal as the sale of anything else. License cannot make it one whit more legal." What do you mean by "under the common law?" 2. If a license gives a person the legal right to sell rum, is not the business made legal through the license, or does it not legalize the act of selling?

The term "common law" signifies those usages, etc., which are not made the subject of special statutory enactment. The maxim of law in all civilized countries is, "what is not forbidden is permitted." Hence, so long as there is no statute to prohibit a particular act, the sale of rum is just as legal as the sale of flour, or cheese, or sugar. There is a vast deal of error as to the effect of a liquor license law. As in every state, before the question of prohibition came up, there was no law against rum selling, it was legal, of course. Now, how can license legalize that which is already legal? It can not. A license law is a restriction on an already legal act, requiring those who pursue it to pay for the privilege. Suppose that a law should be passed requiring every baker to take out a license to sell bread; would that legalize his business any more than it is already? The matter rests on the broad and palpably false point made against license that it "legalizes a wrong" is not well taken. Rumselling is a wrong, every one knows, but it is legal, where not prohibited, nor does license make it one whit more legal.

The Slave Trade.

H. G. H., Platte Center, Neb., asks: "Please name some instances wherein the slave traffic has been between the Northern and Southern States of the United States, south of Mason & Dixon's line direct. An ex-Virginian here argues that no slave ship entered a Southern port without having first touched some port north of "Dixie." The assertion is made that the first slaves brought to America were brought to Jamestown, Va. In Georgia, from 1743 onward, a large traffic in slaves was carried on from Africa to Savannah direct, in Bonsor J. Lossing's "Pictorial History of the United States," he says, page 535, in discussing the effect of Chief Justice Taney's infamous decision in the Dred Scott case: "They (pro-slavery men) resolved to reopen the African slave trade. In one month they would, after that, bring as many African negroes as they were able to purchase, and place in hopeless bondage. In Louisiana, leading citizens engaged in a scheme for legalizing that horrid traffic, and in Savannah, Georgia, a grand jury, who were compelled by law to find several bills charged with complicity in the slave trade, actually protested against the laws they were sworn to support," and finally went to the same effect. The Southern commercial convention, held at Vicksburg, May 11, 1859, resolved, by a vote of 47 to 16, that all laws, state or federal, prohibiting the African slave trade, ought to be abolished. It is a fact that the traffic in slaves was carried on secretly between Africa and Southern ports up to the time of the rebellion.

"Ossa Upon Pelion"—"Scylla and Charybdis."

C. C. B., Miller's, O.: 1. Mt. Ossa and Mt. Pelion are two high mountains in the province of Thessaly, Greece. In the old Greek mythology, the ambition of the giants was displayed in the neighborhood of these mountains, and when the giants made their attempt to scale heaven they are said to have piled Mt. Ossa on top of Mt. Pelion in order to reach it, but were driven back by Jove's thunderbolts. 2. Scylla, in the curious Greek and Roman mythology, a daughter of Phorcus. Circe, the enchantress, becoming jealous of Scylla, changed her into a frightful sea monster and placed her on a rock on the Italian coast, at a point opposite Sicily. Charybdis was a ravenous woman who was turned by Jupiter into a dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Sicily, opposite to Scylla. Hence it was said of mariners passing through the straits that if they escaped Scylla on one side they were liable to be wrecked by Charybdis on the other. These myths evidently originated from the dangerous character of the straits of Messina, which are full of currents, and rendered their navigation dangerous to the clumsy vessels of antiquity. The rock of Scylla is still identified, but there is no whirlpool opposite. There are numerous other instances of straits which produce whirlpools, but none of them are dangerous to modern vessels.

Tanning Sheep and Calf Skins.

C. G., Claflin, Kan., wants a cheap mode of tanning calf skins, and L. B., Genesee, Idaho, wants a process of tanning calf skins with the hair on. The best we can do is to give the following recipe, which gives the proper proportions for a sheep pelt. For large hides the quantity of ingredients must be proportionately increased:

Wash the pelts in warm water, and remove all fleshy matter from the inner surface; then clean the wool with soft soap and wash clean. When the pelt is perfectly free from all fatty and oily matter, apply the following mixture to the flesh side, viz.: For each pelt take common salt and ground alum, ¼ pound each, and ½ ounce borax; dissolve the whole in 1 quart hot water, and when sufficiently cool to bear the hand, add rye meal to make it like thick paste, and spread the mixture on the flesh side of the pelt. Fold the pelt lengthwise, and let it remain 2 weeks; in the meanwhile place; then remove the paste from the surface, wash and dry. When nearly dry scrape the flesh side with a crescent-shaped knife. The softness of the pelt depends much on the amount of working it receives.

About the Presidents.

M. J., Randolph, Neb., asks: "1.—What President, in his inaugural, called attention to the fact that he was the first one born after the Revolution? 2.—Why was not Washington inaugurated until April 30? 3.—How were the early Presidents elected to that office?"

1.—We do not recall who it was. The Revolution began in 1775, and, although the actual fighting ended with the surrender at Yorktown in 1781, the treaty of peace was not signed until 1783. Van Buren was born in 1782, and Taylor in 1784. 2.—Because there were a number of delays, such as all communication being by vehicles or on horseback, it took a long time to get the new government together at New York, which was then the capital. 3.—The same as they are now, save that the original section of the constitution provided that the electors were only to vote for President, and the candidate getting the next highest number of votes was to be Vice President. This was afterward changed by amendment.

Queen Victoria's Surname.

D. E. P., Delta, Colo., asks: "What was Queen Victoria's maiden name?" She had no surname. Royal families of old descent as a rule do not have surnames. Queen Victoria was christened "Alexandrina Victoria," and never had any other name. She was the daughter of the Duke of Kent, and belongs to

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the House of Guelph, but that did not make her "Guelph nemo" either "Miss Kent" or "Miss Guelph." She was simply "Alexandrina Victoria," or, as she early discarded the first name, "Victoria." After marriage her name was just what it had been before, nothing more and nothing less. Her husband had no surname. He was merely "Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha." Nor have any of her children surnames. The Prince of Wales, for instance, has no name but "Albert Edward."

Origin of State Nicknames.

A. B., Hoversburg, Ind.: The origin of the nicknames of the states is as varied as the names. Vermont is called the "Green Mountain" state because it contains those mountains; Massachusetts the "Old Bay" state on account of Massachusetts bay; New York the "Empire" state because it is the most important one; Pennsylvania the "Keystone" state because of the 13 original states, stretched along the Atlantic, it was the middle one, the same as a keystone is the middle one of an arch; Ohio is called the "Buckeye" state because the buckeye tree grew plentifully at Marietta, where it was first settled; Colorado is called the "Centennial" state because it was admitted to the Union in 1876, the centennial year of American independence; and so on.

Oklahoma Inquiries.

P. M. S., Hazelton, Kan.; A. W. H., Eldon, Ia.: You will find all that we know about Oklahoma in recent issues of the BLADE, including the articles on the 7th and 8th pages of issue of April 4, especially "Advice to Settlers." For further information, write to the Register of the U. S. Land Office, either at Guthrie or at Kingfisher's Station.

J. T., Ann Arbor, Mich.: See above. Most of your question is answered in last week's BLADE under "News of the Week." The soil and climate are said to much resemble those of Western Kansas.

Reader, South Bend, Ind.: Land in the Oklahoma tract cannot be bought, and can be taken only by actual settlers under the homestead law.

A Slave's Oath.

S. H. H., referring to a query in the BUREAU some time since, sends the following copy of the oath nominally used in Virginia to a slave, before testifying before a court against another slave or a free negro. They were not allowed to swear when a white man was interested. It seems that they were not required to be sworn unless they chose to offer the evidence. It is copied from an old Virginia statute-book, dated 1795:

"You are brought hither as a witness; and, by the direction of the law, I am to tell you, before you give your evidence, that you must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and that, if it be found hereafter that you tell a lie, and give false testimony in this matter, you must, for so doing, have both your ears nailed to the pillory, and cut off, and receive 39 lashes on your bare back, well laid on, at the common whipping-post."

British America.

V. W., Ruddock, Ore., asks: "Will you please make plain the difference between 'British America' and 'Canada.' The term 'British America' is a general appellation for all the territory belonging to Great Britain in North America. The "Dominion of Canada" is the official title of the Confederation composed of the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Keewatin and Manitoba, etc.), British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, and all the British possessions in North America, excepting Newfoundland. Or, to state it in diagram form:

British America is com- { 1.—Canada. posed of..... { 2.—Newfoundland.

The Next Census.

N. K., Royerton, Ind.: The census is not to be taken until June, 1890. There has been no appointment of the chief of the census, and when he is appointed of course he will appoint his subordinates. Read our "News of the Week" regularly; when he is appointed, it will be mentioned.

J. P. F., Leisure, Ind.: Read above answer. Of course you cannot apply for a position until the chief is appointed, and the organization of the bureau will not be made until at least a year hence. The principal features of the bill, as it passed the Senate, are given on an editorial (4th page of the BLADE of March 14, which see. The article is headed, "The Eleventh Census."

The "Christian Union" Sect.

J. R., Homer, Ill., writes to say that "the Christian Union sect was originated by Dr. Olds, of Pickaway county, O., and he and his son-in-law were both Methodist minister of Frankfort, Ross county, O., by the name of A. Nickes. It was formed principally of Democrats." He is mistaken. Dr. Olds removed from Pickaway to Fairfield county, O., and there he was in the dry-goods business in Lancaster during the war. The Methodist conference was held in Lancaster, and a minister named Given deposed from the ministry for preaching treason. He was the founder of the sect. Dr. Olds probably gave him sympathy and support.

Railway Mail Service.

J. P. S., Armour, N. C.: The rules for the civil service examinations in the railway mail service have not yet been promulgated. The examination will probably cover reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, and the local geography of the states in the division in which you wish to obtain a place.

H., Cerro Gordo, Ill.: As the new division superintendents were only appointed (partially) a few days ago (see last issue of the BLADE, page 3d column, "Postal Superintendents"), there have been few or no changes yet made in postal clerks on railways.

That Electric Light.

G. S. S., Dundee, N. Y., writes as follows: "I would say to A. B., Bushnell, Mo., in reply to his inquiry in the BUREAU of March 28, concerning an electric light being projected from Omaha to the Indian Territory, to begin with, that might be seen from either ocean: Granting that a light could be made powerful enough to reach from that point to either ocean, were there no intervening hills, but an unbroken surface in either direction, the curvature of the earth is such that the light must be elevated over 280 miles above the earth's surface in order that its rays might touch the earth at the distance of 1,500 miles.

Seventh Day or Sunday.

Quite a number of persons have written to the BUREAU to inquire about a reply given in the HOUSEHOLD in regard to the change of the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday. We have handed them all to Miss Bouton, who will probably reply. We wish that questions should be sent to the department concerned.

Miscellaneous.

B. P. S., Reynolds, Ill.: Consult a good physician.

Subscriber, Parnell, Iowa: "Mizpah" is a Hebrew word, meaning "watch tower."

E. L. Y., Merrill, Kan.: Your hydraulic ram query has been handed to the FARM editor.

F. P. E., Defiance, O.: The greatest difference in time possible is 12 hours, of course. Don't ask us to decide bets.

J. W. C., White Hall, Ill.: Get a bookseller to send and obtain a list of books you want. Read Rules 2 and 7 above.

Subscriber, Port Huron, Mich.: The position of local inspector of hulls does not come under the provisions of the civil service law.

Ted, Edwardsville, Ill.: Washington's Farewell Address is too long to publish. It would make three or four columns of THE BLADE.

C. W. A., Westfield, N. Y.: We never heard of the article you mention. Is it animal, vegetable or mineral, and where did you see it mentioned?

O. H. F., Sheridan, Mich.: We suppose the dry climate of Colorado is the best for rheumatic sufferers. Your other query is discussed elsewhere.

J. M., Ellsworth, Ill.: 1. Polygamy is prohibited in Utah and all other territories by the Edmunds act, under severe penalties. 2. We do not know.

W. K., Litchfield, Minn.: The thing to do is not to waste time on the prevention of the adulteration of liquors, but to battle for the extinction of the traffic.

"James June," ——, O.: If a man dies without issue, his wife is his sole heir. The law differs widely in different states, but this is the

S S S

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A VISIT TO MRS. BOOTH.

Her Room in the Salvation Army Headquarters in Reade Street.

There is one curtained window in the great iron-front building at 111 Reade street. It is on the third floor to the south. The curtain is a flimsy affair of pleasant color, draped in graceful folds. It attracts the eye at once, because it suggests a presence not looked for in that neighborhood of wholesale provision houses. The building was erected for business purposes, and has great red signs plastered all over it like a tea and coffee house. Perhaps one would carelessly pass it by under the supposition that it was such were it not for that single-curtained window, which seems so pleasantly out of place. It arouses unconscious curiosity. It invites a second and an eager look. In a twinkling logical business reflections give way before a flood of pleasant imaginings. An examination of the gaudy red signs, of course, follows. They show that the building is not a tea store at all, though a business house. It is the headquarters of the Salvation Army. Then if you are up to the times, as you doubtless are, a sudden inspiration comes to you. You exclaim:

"That is Mrs. Booth's room."

You are right. Then suppose you want to push inquiry further and see the marshal's wife under her own canvas, so to speak, you enter the street door into what the builder meant to be a store. On the left is a counter, upon which are displayed specimens of several dozen editions of the *War Cry*, printed in various languages. There is the Zululand *War Cry*, the Bechuanaland *War Cry*, and others from equally far off. On the right are the stairs and a high show case containing specimens of the books and pamphlets issued by the army and photographs of all the Booths, from the aged general down. Behind the counter is a grayish bearded man in a scarlet worsted sack, embroidered in blue with a religious motto. He is writing in big ledgers and talking in a preoccupied way to a yellow-haired hallelujah lass, who is voluminously recounting how Corporal Jones converted a Chinaman. An athletic-looking young man and a tall maid with scarlet sash and brooches. He wears spectacles and looks quizzical. But his voice is soft, and he tells you to go up stairs to the inquiry room. As you go up you notice that the back of the store, separated from the front by curtains, is fitted out for a prayer meeting room, and Salvationists are already gathering there.

At the head of the stairs you smell fried potatoes. A door opens and discloses a kitchen presided over by a cook with a scriptural motto on his apron. It is nearly lunch time. But you go into the inquiry room, which is lighted by gas even in the day time. Behind a counter a young man in colors and tests is writing at a desk. Another young man with hair parted in the middle and naughty in the eyes—

"How goes the conflict Cap?" asks the first young man.

"Grandly. Twenty-seven gloriously saved."

"Thank God!"

There is a bass drum on the floor and a lot of musical instruments scattered on the counter, together with gay sashes and uniform caps. There is a sign on the wall says that every musician must keep his own instrument bright and clean. A light-haired girl comes in. She is dressed very poorly and wears no uniform.

"How are you, captain?" asks one. "How are the slums?"

"A soul saved Sunday night—the first fruits," says she.

"Glory to God! And how's the lieutenant?"

"She's all right—and happy as a lark."

"Good!"

A hallelujah lass hangs upon the arm of a stalwart officer, and smiles at all he says.

"I was wondering what you'd come to town to-day for, Cap," says a gaudily-dressed youth, in a suggestive tone.

"Is it an engagement?" asks another in a low tone. A nod is the reply. A young man approaches the visitor. "Your business? Mrs. Booth is probably engaged. Have you a card? All right. She will see you. Up stairs, front hall room." The room door is painted: "Mrs. Booth. Please knock." But perhaps you are so impatient and wild-eyed office-like appearance of the hall that you don't notice the admonition to knock till too late, and walk right in. Marshal and Mrs. Booth are sitting in chairs drawn closely side by side. His right arm is upon the back of her chair. On the table before them is an open Bible. The woman's slender finger is pointing to a verse and her eyes are gazing intently into his. She is saying something, but stops suddenly as the visitor enters. The visitor is slightly abashed at his awkwardness in intruding upon such a scene, but Marshal Booth rises and makes a courtly bow. Mrs. Booth also bows. The room is a tiny hall room. It has a plain carpet—the only carpet in the building. A small plain table piled with letters and papers where Mrs. Booth does her daily work. There is a small bookcase with several volumes, several chairs, and that is all. A rather bare, desolate room it is. A guitar in a red cloth case stands in the corner, the curtains at the windows fall gracefully, a bit of ribbon work is here, and a fancy card there. Mrs. Booth leans back in a chair, taps the floor gently with her foot, and tells earnestly of the great work going on among the poor and lowly, of drunkards reformed, and wretchedness changed to happiness. After all, the visitor thinks, the room is not so cheerless as it seemed at first glance. No, it is positively refreshing and pleasant. Marshal Booth, who has shaved off his long black beard and looks like a dude, goes out and returns with a smiling face.

"The returns say there are 2,400 new soldiers added to the army this last month."

"Thank the Lord!" says Mrs. Booth joyfully. Her husband shows the visitor out, while Mrs. Booth wrinkles her forehead up into little knots and picks up a big bundle of unanswered letters from the desk.

"What rank does Mrs. Booth hold in the army?" asks the visitor of a hallelujah lassie.

"She's the Marshal's wife, that's all. She was an officer before she married, but since has become a private worker. She gets to the office about 11 o'clock and stays till about 6. She goes over the mail, answers letters, takes charge of the rescue work and all other work managed by girls throughout the United States, settles difficulties, and is generally executive officer to her husband. She is more than a private secretary, and when the Marshal goes away on his long trips to different parts of the country she runs the entire organization in his absence. She holds prayer meetings here three afternoons in the week besides. She has the special department of slum work in this city. In the evening she has her home duties, and lectures or visits besides, as she sees best."

A Chicago Boy.

In a family residing on the South Side is a bright little one who is the life of the house. Whenever any one in the household does a thing which does not please him he retaliates by saying: "I don't love you." He had said this once or twice to his fond grandmother, and his father rebuked him for it by saying: "If you ever speak to your grandma again in that way I shall be obliged to punish you." A few nights later the family were at supper and the watchful grandmother removed from the boy's plate something which she did not think he should eat. He regarded her sullenly for a moment and then blurted out: "I don't love you, grandma." His father glanced at him from across the table as much as to say: "I'll settle with you after supper, young man," and the little fellow immediately saw the necessity of squaring himself with his paternal parent, so he quickly added, "as much as I love Jesus." Then he explained himself by saying: "Of course I don't love any of you as much as I love Jesus." It is needless to say that he was not punished.—*Chicago Herald.*

SIXTY AND SIX; OR, A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Fons, delicium domus.—MARTIAL.

LIGHT of the morning,
Darling of dawning,
Blithe little, lithe little
daughter of mine!
While with thee ranging
Sure I'm exchanging
Sixty of my years for six
years like thine.
Wings cannot vie with
thee,
Lightly I fly with thee,
Gay as the thistle-down
over the lea;
Life is all magic,
Come or tragic,
Played as thou playest it
daily with me.

Floating and ringing
Thy merry singing
Comes when the light comes, like that of the birds.
List to the play of it!
That is the way of it;
All's in the music and naught in the words—
Glad or grief-laden,
Schubert or Haydn,
Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay,
Like an evangel
Some baby angel
Brought from sky-nursery steeling away.

Surely I know it,
Artist or poet
Guesses my treasure of jubilant hours.
Sorrows, what are they?
Nearer or far, they
Vanish in sunshine, like dew from the flowers.
Years, I am glad of them!
Would that I had of them
More and yet more, while thus mingled with thine.
Age, I make light of it!
Fear not to sight of it,
Time's but our playmate, whose toys are divine.

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the Century.*

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QUEER TORCH-BEARERS.

An Amusing Story of Half a Dozen Big Baboons.

In some parts of Northern Africa, says Mr. C. F. Holder, it was the custom years ago to employ large baboons to hold torches at balls and other entertainments given at night. On one occasion the owner of half a dozen of these curious creatures gave a ball, and had the entire force seated upon a bench, each holding a torch or flambeau. Everything proceeded smoothly, until finally one of the baboons probably dropped asleep and allowed its torch to strike its neighbor. Instantly there arose a dreadful shriek, and a horrible odor of burnt hair.

The victim, intent on retaliation, struck the sleeper violently with its torch, thus burning another, and soon all the torch-bearers were engaged in a sanguinary encounter. The howls of rage and agony completely drowned the music and broke up the entertainment.

Edison's Exhibit.

The feature of Edison's exhibit at the Paris exposition will be an enormous model of his 10 incandescent lamp 40 feet high and made entirely of small incandescent lights, of which it will be necessary, it is said, to use 20,000. The French and American flags will be worked out in incandescent lamps on either side of the big lamp.

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This issue of THE BLADE will go to quite a number of persons who are not regular subscribers, whose names have been furnished us by our regular patrons.

We ask you to examine the paper carefully. Read the Household; look at Our Young Folks; notice the Camp Fire; especially read the Question Bureau; then, if you are living in the country, read the Farm; look at the News of the Week, on the 7th and 8th pages; examine the whole pape; with care, and determine if you do not need just such a weekly newspaper as THE BLADE.

If you do, send us your subscription. If you desire to ask your neighbors to subscribe, write to us for private terms to agents. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE ENORMOUS WASTE OF MOENY THROUGH THE RUM TRAFFIC.

The question before the people of Pennsylvania is simply this: "Shall the saloon be allowed to exist, or shall it be abolished?" We propose giving some space today to the economic side of the question—but one of the many points at which this curse of our land, the liquor traffic, touches the interests of humanity; and in this, as in every other case, it injures and destroys where it touches.

It is a fact, proved by experience, that with the open saloons abolished, the amount of drinking is at once very largely reduced. There are a large number of men of easy, heedless, boyish natures, who drink for companionship, or simply because the opportunity is open to them on every hand. They are on the road which leads to confirmed drunkenness, but have not yet reached the point at which the alcoholic poison of Rum has become a necessity to the physical system. The persons belonging to the latter class are the only ones who will go into holes and corners and make themselves quasi-criminals to obtain Rum.

It is clear that through Prohibition the bulk of the enormous sum that is spent every year in Pennsylvania for Rum will be saved to the people. Has the reader any clear idea of the magnitude of the traffic? Let us take an example. Take a city with 500 saloons—and there are a number that have that many in the Keystone state—and let us figure up the amount of money wasted by the people for Rum. How many dollars does each saloon take in over its bar each day, on an average—taking into the calculation all saloons of all descriptions, from the gorgeous bars, frequented by the men with money, down to the dirty little beer-shop in the suburbs? From actual investigation in one Ohio city, we are inclined to believe that the average is about $15 per day. But let us put our figures entirely within the mark, and say that each of these 500 saloons averages but $10 per day. Let us make our calculation on that basis.

Ten dollars a day for each of 500 saloons gives a total of $5,000 per day. We will leave Sunday out of the calculation, though the great majority of saloons derive their most profitable trade on that day, and count but six days per week. This, then, gives as a total of $30,000 spent for Rum in one week. In the 52 weeks of the year, then, the Rum bill of that city amounts to the vast total of $1,560,000! How large a city does it take to maintain 500 saloons? The city of Toledo has about 100,000 population, and it contains between 400 and 500 saloons; this may afford a basis for any one who desires to estimate.

Suppose the saloons were all banished from the Pennsylvania city we are considering; what then would go with this $1,560,000 which is spent by its people for Rum? It would go for things which would benefit these men, instead of injuring them. These persons and their families would live better; they would have better food, and in greater variety; they would wear better clothing; they would live in better houses, and their homes would be better furnished and more attractive. The money would be spent for these, not for Rum. The grocers, the butchers and the bakers would all have greater patronage; the dry goods merchants, the boot and shoe men, the clothing men, would have a larger trade; the furniture men, and in fact the dealers in the thousand and one articles of comfort and convenience that are required in households would all sell more.

Take any city of 100,000 inhabitants, and consider what would be the effect of adding $1,560,000 to its trade every year. Trace out the channels in which this enormous sum would flow, if the yawning hell-holes were closed down which it pours in a never-ending golden stream, its payers receiving nothing of value in return. Then extend the calculation to the entire state of Pennsylvania, and you will have some faint idea of the enormous voluntary tribute which the people pay annually to that infernal combination of greed and selfishness, the Rum Power. What argument in favor of Rum can stand against such a showing?

The abolition, through the adoption of Prohibition, of this onerous tax upon the people would be true economy. It would mean, practically, the addition of two-fifths to the wages of the drinking class—for it is estimated that an average of two-fifths of the pay of these men goes for Rum and three-fifths for the necessaries of life. Is there not here an evil that needs prompt remedy? The experience of Kansas and Iowa and Maine is that Prohibition *does* prohibit. The only way to stop this drain of the money of the people is to abolish the saloon. License will not do it, for the saloon still exists under license. There is no way of stopping it but the one—through Prohibition to destroy the saloon and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE loss of the American vessels at Samoa would not have occurred had this government taken measures to avail itself of the concession of a coaling station at Pago-Pago, which is the only safe harbor, it is said, in the whole Samoan group of islands.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has declined an unanimous call to stand as the Tory candidate for JOHN BRIGHT'S seat in Parliament. RANDY has heard of the proverb about small men trying to fill great men's shoes.

LET us have PAYNE for an issue in the Ohio campaign this fall. The people of Ohio are longing for a chance to express, with becoming emphasis, their opinion of the coal-oil legislature.

PROTECTION IN THE SOUTH.

There are, in the Southern states, thirty-five Congressional districts in which there is a strong sentiment in favor of protection, owing to the development of mining and other industries which depend for their prosperity on the maintenance of the protective feature of the tariff. They are centers of education for the people. Their inhabitants are largely convinced, by the actual test, that diversified industries are the foundation of national prosperity. Of these thirty-five districts, four are in West Virginia, two in Maryland, six in Virginia, four in North Carolina, four in Tennessee, four in Kentucky, one in Georgia, two in Alabama, five in Missouri, one in Arkansas and two in Texas.

It is now proposed, by certain leading men in the South, to call a convention of Southern protectionists, no matter what their political affiliations may be, to meet in Chattanooga at some time in May. Mr. H. C. PARSONS, of Natural Bridge, Va., in a letter to THOS. SEDDEN, Esq., of Birmingham, Ala., on this subject, refers to the inconsistency of having these thirty-five districts represented in Congress by men who vote for free trade measures under the party lash. He goes on to say:

It is in the province of those who hold the prosperity of the South above all partisanship to make such misrepresentation impossible. In these white districts the race question is not paramount, and it is due ourselves that we demonstrate to the world that the right of citizenship is held as sacred as in any other part of this nation.

I suggest, for myself and those I may fairly represent, to yourself and those who assert a like independence, that we meet in Chattanooga in May next in convention and organize a Southern Protective Tariff League, confined to the mineral districts and to national politics, which shall so educate and organize our people that they may assert the balance of power they rightfully hold to protect and advance the material development of the South. I further suggest that when one thousand names are secured a call for such a convention be issued.

That is, if we understand the plan, the protectionists in these districts, whether they call themselves Democrats or Republicans, are to unite, so far as to secure the nomination and election of protectionists to represent them in Congress. The scheme has much to commend it, and we look hopefully for the completion of arrangements for the call to the Chattanooga convention.

The New York *Herald*, which is a free trade paper, and which supported CLEVELAND strongly both in 1884 and 1888, has the following remarkable editorial paragraph upon the matter:

The *Herald*, as everybody knows, does not believe protective tariffs useful; but it heartily welcomes this movement, and not only that, we wish it the fullest success. We should be most happy to see 35 strong protectionists come to Congress from these Southern districts, and we do not care whether for the time being they call themselves Democrats or Republicans. They will vote with the Republicans for Republican measures, tariffs and subsidies, which, as protectionists, they will favor; and their election and their votes in Congress will make the Republican party for the first time a national party, and will drive sectionalism out of our politics.

To the Southern protectionists we say: "Gentlemen, put your ablest men forward and join hands, no matter what you now call yourselves, to elect them, and demand of your Northern allies that they shall send their ablest speakers into those districts to help you on the stump to secure votes."

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." We require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to those who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

SECRETARY WINDOM'S policy in bond-buying is to purchase the 4½ per cents at as near 108 as possible, instead of 4 per cents, which now command 129 premium. There are outstanding $155,147,800 of the 4½s. They were issued in 1876, and they become subject to call on September 1, 1891. The interest on these bonds from the present time till that date is 11¼ per cent. That is, if the government lets them run until then, it will have paid 11¼ for them. They now are offered at from 108 to 108½. The difference between this price and 111¼ marks the actual saving to the people by buying them now and retiring them.

AS THE BLADE expected, Democratic papers are claiming the recent election in Chicago as a great Democratic victory. As a fact it was nothing of the sort. CREGIER was elected by Republicans who were disgusted with the local machine and used CREGIER to break it. Chicago is now as she always has been, a Republican city and it is better that the party settled its troubles when it did rather than to let them smoulder four years when they might seriously effect a national election.

THIS "vindication" business is getting played out. Because Senator PAYNE'S seat was secured for him by bribery he wants to be "vindicated" by an election, which, if secured at all, must be gotten the same way the other one was. Because some Senators rejected MURAT HALSTEAD some of his friends want to "vindicate him by choosing him as PAYNE'S successor. Pretty soon some bank burglar caught in the act will want to be "vindicated" so he can repeat his burglarious operation.

THE Rum Power is getting defiant in Pennsylvania. The Pittsburg Brewers' association has determined to boycott, both in trade and politics, every man in that county supposed to be favorable to Prohibition. The resolution was adopted in an open meeting, and the secretary was directed to prepare lists of those coming under the ban. We are glad to see the brewers make such a blunder. It will bring thousands of votes to the amendment in that locality.

SENATOR TELLER introduced a resolution in the Senate, the day before adjournment, providing that hereafter all executive nominations shall be considered in open session. No action was taken on it before adjournment, however, and it goes over until next winter. In his speech advocating the measure, Mr. TELLER expressed indignation at the published reasons for certain Senators' objections to recent nominations. Mr. TELLER is believed to be one of those who voted against HALSTEAD'S confirmation.

SENATOR ALLISON, in an article in the April issue of the *North American Review*, thinks that an extra session of Congress should not be called before the middle of October. In his judgment the business interests of the country will not suffer from the delay. He thinks President HARRISON and Secretary WINDOM may be trusted to look after that. We are inclined to the opinion that the Senator is correct in his views.

THE Georgia Bourbons are beginning to growl because Senator COLQUITT seems to be spending considerable time at the White House and in the departments, and interesting himself in Republican appointments in his state. They even suspect his loyalty to the party of reaction and bulldozing.

THE planters of Mississippi have formed a combination to down the bagging trust, and will establish a pine-straw-and-cotton bagging factory. Defeating a trust by using its own weapons is a practical application of the old adage concerning sauce for both goose and gander.

DANGERS OF TOBACCO.

There is temperance in eating as well as in drinking, and in smoking as well as other things. As to the use of tobacco the recent trouble of EDWIN BOOTH gives a striking instance. One of the best physicians in the United States said to the writer some years ago: "Some men can use tobacco most incessantly and it seems to do them no harm. They must, however, be men with absolutely no nerves, men who take a great amount of physical exercise and whose imaginations are rarely, if ever, exercised. Joined to this they must have a strong constitution and a freedom from any organic disease. But even with this combination I have known tocacco to prove fatal, as the men using it inordinately first broke down their mind force by the use of alcohol, and tobacco soon did the rest." In connection with this it can be stated that within the past twenty years the medical faculty has come to clearly comprehend, and to accurate diagnose, a disease which they now denominate as "smoker's heart." Excessive smoking, whether by pipe, cigar or cigarette, affects the action of the heart and disturbs the circulation. The pulse will intermit—not without regularity—sometimes one beat in four, sometimes one in ten, sometimes two or three at a time, and then comes trouble. The brain, missing its regular pulsations of blood, wavers, the heart flutters, and then follows a temporary collapse. A leading physician relates a case in point: A patient suffering from "smoker's heart" believed that he had a chronic heart disease, and came for a careful examination early in the day—before he had eaten any breakfast. The stethoscope showed the heart to be sound as a dot—he had not smoked for 12 hours. Greatly relieved at the verdict he lighted a big black cigar, and sat smoking, upon an empty stomach, while he talked. In a few minutes, as he rose to go, his feet failed him, and he fell in a momentary faint. The heart was fluttering wildly, but yielded at once, and resumed its normal action, after a strong stimulant.

SEASONABLE PROVERBS.

What doth it profit a man?

In the morning he ariseth and putteth on his new spring overcoat and goeth forth, humming a jocund lay.

And when noon is come, lo! the wind riseth, and prevaileth over all that region round about.

And the prevalency with which it prevaileth is more prevalent than any other prevalency that hath prevailed in all time.

And the wind beateth upon that man, yea, it smiteth him sore.

Also doth it rain, and when even is come, lo! the coat is spoiled!

And the man taketh unto himself a cold, and wist not what he is going to do about it.

Now on the morrow, he putteth on the winter overcoat, lest, peradventure, it be cold even yet again, and snoweth.

And even as on the preceding day, the weather shifteth itself about, and waxeth very hot.

And the man doeth likewise, even as the weather, waxeth he hot.

And many days and many nights doth this thing continue, and no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the weather changeth.

Verily, verily, what doth it profit a man?

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

IT is clearly evident that HILL, the Democratic governor of New York, and his party friends in the state legislature are determined that no effective ballot law shall become operative in that state, as their power and occupation would be gone, if it does. Under the Australian system you could not tell who would be governor until after election, and surprising results may ensue from the isolation and independence of the voter. Professional politics would soon expire for lack of stimulus.

THE chatter of the Democratic press over the result of the spring elections in two or three cities, to the effect that they indicate the cause of the Democracy to be gaining, is simply silly. The one thing these contests do indicate is that the masses of thinking citizens are gradually being educated into voting for the best men in municipal elections, irrespective of party. It is silly to say that any cardinal principle of either Democracy or Republicanism is involved in a city election.

THE best evidence that the recent election in Chicago was not a party victory but simply a Republican revolt against the machine, is proven by the fact that RAYMOND, who was nominated by the machine, instead of AMBERG, the anti-machine candidate, was beaten by 10,000 votes, while AMBERG, who was afterwards nominated for city clerk on the same ticket, was elected.

ALL of the important nominations made by President HARRISON, save three, were confirmed by the Senate. The three exceptions were: EUGENE SCHUYLER, as assistant secretary of State; MURAT HALSTEAD, as minister to Germany, and Mr. KERSHEETS, to be Marshal to Louisiana. A few postmasters and other small fry were rejected through so-called "senatorial courtesy."

AS TIME goes on, it becomes clearer that the Panama canal will be abandoned. The hope that the project would be taken up by other hands, so that the enormous sums that have been recklessly sunk already might not be utterly lost, seems to grow dimmer day by day. The millions that have been thrown away are utterly lost, and the canal will never be built.

OVER in Michigan they are endeavoring to amend the state constitution so as to give the governor $4,000 a year, instead of $1,000, as at present. Michigan should be ashamed of herself for so long keeping the salary at a figure that compels the candidates for governor to be rich men, to whom the present pittance is no object. A poor man cannot afford to be governor.

A MODIFIED woman suffrage bill, it is said, will pass the British House of Commons. The Conservatives are anxious to push it through, as they expect to gain a considerable accession of strength thereby. The bill permits single women to vote at all elections under the same qualifications as men. Wives of male voters are excluded.

QUOTING an opinion of THE BLADE in regard to the mistake that would be made in nominating Mr. HALSTEAD to any office, the Dayton *Journal* says: "The above is solid wisdom. Mr. HALSTEAD would not be an available candidate before the people, able, upright and brilliant as he is. Nor would any other vigorous editor."

HON. WM. O. BRADLEY, of Kentucky, has declined the Corean mission. He doesn't feel like exchanging his surroundings in the blue-grass paradise for four years' residence among a barbarian people in the mud-walled town of Seoul, and we don't blame him.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN has accepted the English mission, and will sail about May 15 for his post of duty.

JAPAN'S NEW CONSTITUTION.

The new constitution, granted by the emperor of Japan to his people, has just been translated into English and published. It is not so long as the constitution of the United States, and would fill a little over two columns of the BLADE. It is a most interesting document, because it is the voluntary yielding, by an autocratic ruler, of constitutional rights to the people, and in its make-up shows the inherent difficulty of harmonizing autocratic ideas with modern constitutional forms. It is a grafting of the political ideas of western civilization upon the primitive stock of an Oriental absolute monarchical system.

This interesting document is composed of 76 articles, grouped into seven chapters. The first of these enumerates the rights and privileges of the Emperor, and contains 17 articles. These provide for the regular succession of the present ruling dynasty in the male line (the principle of the Salic law thus being followed); he is sacred and inviolate, exercising his sovereignty according to the constitution; he is supreme commander of army and navy, declares war, makes peace, concludes treaties; sanctions the laws, promulgates and executes them; he convokes the Imperial Diet, opens, closes and prorogues it, and dissolves the House of Representatives; he may issue imperial ordinances, in case of urgent necessity, when the Diet is not sitting, which have all the force of law, but which must be sanctioned by the Diet when it again meets, or be nullified.

The second chapter enumerates the rights and duties of Japanese subjects. The conditions of citizenship are to be determined by law. Subjects may fill public offices, or army and navy positions, are subject to military and naval service, and to taxation; they have the liberty of abode, and of changing the same; no arrests, trials or punishment are allowed except according to law, and the right of trial by judges chosen legally; houses are exempt from search except under the forms of law; the secrecy of letters by mail is preserved, and the right of property is inviolate. Freedom of religious belief is allowed, "within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects." The "liberty of speech, writing, publication, public meeting and association" are allowed "within the limits of law," and the right of petition is allowed.

Chapter third treats of the Imperial Diet, which is to consist of a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. The House of Peers is made up of the members of the Imperial family, of the orders of nobility, and of those nominated thereto by the Emperor. The House of Representatives is composed of members elected by the people. Both houses may introduce laws; both houses must pass on a bill, and it receive the sanction of the Emperor before it becomes effective. The Diet is to meet yearly, and its sessions last three months, unless prolonged by Imperial order. If the House is dissolved by the Emperor, a new election is held, and the new House shall meet within five months of the date of dissolution. It requires an absolute majority in either branch to pass any measure. Proceedings are to be public, and the members have the usual privileges of freedom from arrest, etc. The ministers may take their seats and speak in either house at any time.

The right of public trial is secured to all accused persons, except in cases where this would be prejudicial to peace and order or to public morality. The expenditure and revenue of the empire require the consent of the Diet, and the budget shall be first laid before the House of Representatives. Amendments to the constitution can only be proposed by the government, and the Diet shall pass upon it. If it pass both Houses, it becomes valid. No amendment can be made, however, during a regency. All existing laws and regulations are continued in force, except in so far as they conflict with the constitution, until modified by the Diet.

Altogether the constitution is a very creditable piece of work. It gives a basis of free government which time and progress will make much more broad and secure. Considering the difference between government under its forms and that of an irresponsible despot, which is practically what the Emperor has been up to this time, we may well congratulate the wisdom of the Emperor and his advisers in preparing so good a measure.

BOULANGER'S FLIGHT.

The hostility of the French government to BOULANGER has culminated in an attempt to arrest him on a charge of treason. The general displayed abundant caution in promptly shaking the dust of Paris from his feet and betaking himself to Belgium, whence he issued a pompous pronunciamento to the French people. Considering the temperament of the latter, one is inclined to the opinion that this flight was a blunder. Courage in the face of danger is an admirable quality, and BOULANGER certainly did not display it in his precipitate escape from impending arrest.

It is difficult to forecast the outcome of the matter. The presumed cowardice of BOULANGER'S flight may disaffect the fickle French, and end his influence over the masses. On the other hand, the government apparently intends to push the prosecution against him, and possibly decree his banishment from France. This may well put the general in the light of a martyr before the masses, and intensify the sentiment in his favor. In that case, the probabilities would seem to be that the mercurial French may cause history to repeat itself, and place him at the head of the nation, as president, dictator or emperor. His rule will not, in this event, last as long as did that of the last NAPOLEON. BOULANGER is a coward at heart, and fails to grasp opportunity at the critical time.

THE Bourbon element in the Tennessee legislature is wrestling with the question of suffrage. Two measures are up for discussion—the first for the registration of voters, the second for an educational qualification for voting, which is primarily aimed at the exclusion of the negroes as far as possible, from suffrage. The sticking point is in the fact that Tennessee has a large number of white voters who cannot read, and they are Democrats. There is no possibility of making an educational test that will exclude ignorant negroes and include ignorant whites. It is uncertain whether the measure will pass; but should it do so, and Tennessee's representation in Congress, and consequently in the electoral college, be cut down under the Fourteenth amendment, that state will have the credit of having taken one honest and frank step in the solution of the race problem which seems to the Southern people so threatening. Anything which is fairly within the forms of law is better than wholesale terrorization of a voting class, supplemented by base fraud at the polls.

JUDGE BRADLEY, of Kentucky, formally declined his appointment as Minister to Corea, because he could not afford to tak his young children to that country, owing to the lack of educational advantages. It is known from other sources that BRADLEY will run for governor of Kentucky in the next campaign, in 1891, and his friends claim that the Blue-grass state will shake off her bourbon thraldom under his inspiring leadership.

WHEN JULES VERNE reads of the scheme of the men who hope to get into Oklahoma with a balloon, he will hate himself so he will wish he had never been born.

THE President sent to the Senate from the date of his inauguration up to the adjournment of that body on April 2, nearly 350 nominations.

ABOUT MR. HALSTEAD.

Some of Mr. HALSTEAD'S friends are making a very serious mistake. This demand for a "vindication," which shall take the form of electing him to some office, is the biggest mistake imaginable. In the first place, Mr. HALSTEAD needs no vindication. The fact that several United States Senators have refused to confirm his appointment, because, as a newspaper man, he has done his duty and fearlessly and openly called attention to one of the greatest political crimes this country ever knew, is the highest compliment that can be bestowed upon him as a faithful journalist and an honest man. Let Senator PAYNE seek a "vindication," HALSTEAD needs none. So much for that branch of the matter. There is, however, another thing to be considered. The fact that every newspaper in the land has denounced the action of the Republican senators who voted against HALSTEAD must not lead the friends of HALSTEAD into a great error. The newspapers stood by HALSTEAD because the Senate had attacked the freedom of the press. They did not stand by him because they are especially anxious to have him elected to an office. Mr. HALSTEAD can not afford to have the matter take the course some of his friends are seemingly so anxious to have it. To have the fact that he has been rejected by the United States Senate used as the only reason why he should be chosen to a high office would be humiliating to him and dangerous to the party which should nominate him. Mr. HALSTEAD'S present position is impregnable. No man in Ohio has reason to feel prouder than he. The attack made upon him is a greater honor than it is the fortune of most men to have paid them. But should he allow himself to be put in a position, where it can be claimed, no matter how unjustly, that he was using that attack for the advancement of personal ambitions, he would not only do himself an injury, but would inflict an irreparable wrong on a profession of which he is so distinguished a member.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

Two of the representative papers of the South, the Atlanta *Constitution* and the Nashville *American*, are protesting against the solicitation of funds for the Confederate soldiers' home in the North. The Atlanta *Constitution* declares with much feeling that it is time for the committee that is soliciting funds in New York for a Confederate Veterans' Home to "recall its appeals and close up its work." After a month's soliciting, much patriotic speaking and shaking hands across the bloody chasm, the chairman of the Receiving committee announces that he has $1,500 in his hands. This showing moves the *Constitution* to exclaim against the humiliation of flaunting the rags of the old Confederate veterans throughout the North—a scheme in which it says it never had any sympathy.

The *American* goes on to say that it never had any sympathy with the movement. Continuing, it uses these words: "The South is able to take care of the destitute Confederate soldier and will respond generously to any appeal in his behalf. Let these ill-advised beggars come home and appeal to the generosity of their own people instead of subjecting themselves, their people and the Confederate veterans, whose cause they plead, to useless humiliation by extorting unwilling alms through the persistence of their importunities. It would be the bitterest of all sufferings to the proud-spirited but unfortunate heroes of the South to feel that they are a burden which their own people are unwilling to bear. The *Constitution* bravely takes up the question and proposes the building of a Confederate home in Georgia by private subscription. This sort of talk has the right ring. It is sympathy with a dollar in it. The lavishing of long-range pity on the maimed and battered old Confederate is very cheap, and the sending of committees to New York to put the South on its knees for the crumbs of Northern charity is unspeakably contemptible. We have not the slightest unkindness of feeling toward the people of New York or the North because they have not been liberal in this matter; we are glad they have not been—*it is none of their business!* But we are heartily ashamed of the men who, in their haste to help the poor Confederate, have sought to take away from the South the honor of caring for its own heroes and are trying to feed them upon that bread which is the bitterest of all food—the bread of contemptuous pity or unwilling charity."

THE CHICAGO ELECTION.

Although the Democratic candidate for mayor of Chicago was elected by a bigger majority than any man ever received in that city before, it cannot be claimed that Chicago is necessarily a Democratic city. The result was entirely outside of regular party lines, and the Democrats not only received the full labor vote but many thousands of Republicans, who are disgusted at the methods of a small ring which has been controlling the party, bolted Mr. ROCHE in order to secure the defeat of this machine. Also the West Side, where the bulk of the Republican votes are, is very anxious to secure elevated roads and the Democrats openly favored them while Mr. ROCHE was undecided. It was generally acknowledged by the Republicans who bolted ROCHE that he is personally a good man, but the objection lay to the men who were understood to control him.

PARTY HARMONY.

The necessity of a political party being united, if it hopes to win, was best shown by the recent election in Chicago. The attitude of the *Tribune* was one of the chief reasons for the Democratic victory, and of it the *Inter-Ocean* well says:

One of the prime conditions of harmony and victory is that the "senior organ" itself shall profit by the lesson of the recent defeat. Its preposterous attempt to make the Republican party go into the last National campaign on a Democratic platform was in keeping with its general policy of late in minor political matters. The convention which placed Congressman McKinley at the head of its committee on resolutions paid no more attention to its vituperative inanity than it would to the denial of a madman, and our victory was a splendid one, achieved, as everybody knows, on a platform thoroughly Republican from top to bottom, without one drop of the free-trade poison in it.

THE New York *World*, which was one of the Democratic papers which were certain that "BLAINE was going to run things," now says "HARRISON started in with a grim determination to be boss himself." The *World* is wrong again. There is no "boss" in the Republican party. President HARRISON, however, is the President. Still the *World* is not always wrong. It was right as to a little matter which happened in Ohio a few years ago.

THE BLADE will allow the New York *Star* to call us "figuratively Republican," without care or comment. Figuratively means typically or representatively, but when the same paper says it is "hyperbolean hopeful" we must enter a protest. Why does not the *Star* call us etruscan enthusiastic at once and be done with it.

AND now it is reported that the English vessels, after which the Yorktown, Concord and Bennington are modeled, are failures. Secretary WHITNEY would probably have done better had he used American talent instead of copying after the English.

WHY don't BOULANGER come to America and organize the state of Oklahoma? He has time if he starts at once.

A LESSON FOR OHIO.

It would be a good thing for states like Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, to take copy from the example of Wisconsin. Shortly after President HARRISON'S election, Wisconsin, like other states, came to the front with applicants for office, sufficient in numbers to not only fill the Cabinet, but occupy every office of honor or profit which lay in the gift of the President. They charged on Indianapolis, individually, in groups, companies and regiments. Finally President HARRISON called a halt. He told Senator SPOONER that he was not only willing but anxious to recognize Wisconsin, but that he could not put the entire state into office. Besides, if he did, the wheat, iron and lumber output might be small. So Senators SPOONER and SAWYER went to Chicago, where they had a conference with Governor RUSK and HENRY PAYNE, of Milwaukee, who were the leading aspirants for a Cabinet position. It was explained that if Wisconsin was to get anything she must be united on the man she wanted, and Mr. PAYNE at once stepped out of the way and left the way clear for Governor RUSK. He was accordingly put in the Cabinet. Had Ohio acted as wisely she would have fared as well and probably better. Senator FARWELL, of Illinois, has grasped the same idea when he says, "I do not purpose pressing any applications for office. I will wait to see what President Harrison is willing to grant to Illinois and then make suitable recommendations."

AS TO OKLAHOMA.

Oklahoma may be the garden of the world, but there is such a thing as crowding a garden so there is no room for the plants to grow, and that seems to be the condition which is threatened there. It is computed that there is room for about twelve thousand settlers, but already fifty thousand men are waiting for the word which will allow them to enter upon and take possession of what they seem to consider the promised land. The results which will follow this mad scramble are very likely to be serious. The physical conflicts will be bad enough, but the struggle to live will be worse, and the condition of thousands of starving settlers with no means of sustenance there and no opportunity to get away, is horrible to contemplate. The man who goes to Oklahoma with the ability to sustain himself until the land becomes settled, will succeed if he has the other elements of success in him. The man who goes there expecting to pick up dollar bills on the prairie and be fed by heaven-sent manna will fail. The laws of nature are inexorable.

COMPLETE Rhode Island returns give DAVIS, Democrat, for governor, 21,350; LADD, Republican, 16,952. DAVIS lacks 548 votes of a majority of all cast, and the election will consequently be thrown into the legislature. The Republicans have the Senate and the Democrats the House, but there are sixteen seats to which there was no election, and supplementary elections will have to be held in these cases. The question of which party will hold a majority on joint ballot will have to be decided by them.

INTERESTING PENSION DECISION.

A question of a great deal of interest to pension claimants has been solved by a decision of the assistant secretary of the Interior, in the somewhat famous "Ammerman case." The question is, what constitutes being in the line of duty in the service? AMMERMAN was a soldier in an Ohio regiment, and, one day, in the fall of 1863, was standing in front of his tent. Several of the men were engaged in a general frolic near by, and one of them, leaving the others, came up to AMMERMAN and engaged him in conversation. While his attention was thus attracted another kneeled down behind him and his comrade pushed the soldier backward, after the fashion of small boys. AMMERMAN broke several bones around his shoulders, and has since suffered greatly from the injury.

He applied for a pension, but his claim was rejected. The case was appealed, and in June, 1886, the then assistant secretary, HAWKINS, after hearing arguments, decided that the rejection by the commissioner of pensions should stand, and the case was entered in the bureau's book of leading cases as exemplifying the principle that "the proximate cause of the injury must pertain to and have direct connection with service and the line of duty in order to give title to pension."

But as AMMERMAN was not engaged in play himself, and was not in any way transgressing any of the ordinary rules of camp life, he still claimed that his case was good. Mr. BUSSEY reversed the ruling of the office in this case and ordered the claim of AMMERMAN admitted. His position was that the claimant's injury was connected as a result with his military service, in that the service placed him in a position where, without fault on his part, he received his hurt. AMMERMAN, it is said, will now receive a large sum as arrears pension. Upon the precedent established by this decision will depend a number of similar rejected cases.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S utterances to a delegation of colored office-seekers from South Carolina is one that certainly will commend him to every citizen save chronic spoils politicians. The Democratic press has been urging colored men to seek office under this administration, as though the failure to get it would be sufficient reason for the transfer of the colored voter to the Democracy. In truth, the colored vote has been given to the republicans because the latter have never swerved from the declaration that "all men are born free and equal," and all are entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." They ask no votes in exchange for offices, and the President showed the wisdom of his policy when he said that office-seeking organizations would not be recognized, and persons appointed to office in the South must be in a position to do something to improve the community they dwell in. That is good doctrine, and applicable to every office in the land.

MR. BLAINE'S health is reported as much improved since he took up the cares of his present office. To a man of his temperament it is not rest but work that is needed to keep him in health, and Mr. BLAINE will thus again be able to disappoint his enemies.

THE Atlanta *Constitution* has got things a trifle mixed when it says: "The Democrats of Ohio are talking about running Judge THURMAN for governor. The old Roman can carry the state." It is ALLEN THURMAN, Jr., who is the candidate.

MAJOR ALMS, who assaulted Governor BEAVER recently, may not be guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, but it takes a very queer conception of the conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman to think so.

CAPT PAYNE will go down to history as the first Oklahoma boomer. This can be used as an argument this fall, why his namesake should be elected Senator.

VESSEL men are learning with pleasure that the Inter-State Commerce law will probably force much of the grain to seek water transit this season.

ANOTHER United States war ship has gone to the bottom. This time it is the bottom of a dry dock and she can be recovered.

GOVERNOR LARRABEE ON PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

We publish to-day an extended report of the workings of the Prohibitory law in the state of Iowa. Governor LARRABEE has sent THE BLADE a letter, giving his personal view of the success of Prohibition; and this opinion is all the more valuable in that he was originally opposed to the law, deeming it impracticable of enforcement, but has now become fully convinced that "Prohibition does prohibit," and that this law is as fully enforced with as great a degree of success as any other law of a restrictive nature.

Accompanying his letter is a most interesting series of opinions from nearly all the circuit and superior court judges of the state, in reply to a request from the governor for their views upon needed revisions of the general laws of the state, and on the workings of the Prohibitory law. Their remarks on the former branch of inquiry are of no interest to our readers, and therefore we have given nothing but their remarks on the Prohibitory law.

We shall continue to discuss this matter in succeeding issues of THE BLADE, for the benefit of our readers in general, and especially for the information of the people of Pennsylvania, in which THE BLADE has a large circulation. We are extremely anxious that the Keystone state shall enroll herself on the side of Prohibition. If the constitutional amendment is lost there, it will be because of two things: First, the misleading of the people into a belief that Prohibition does not prohibit; second, a feeling that high license is better than absolute Prohibition. Both are erroneous, and it shall be our effort to see that THE BLADE'S readers are not misled on either proposition.

IMPORTANT TO OKLAHOMA SETTLERS.

There will be a very serious time in Oklahoma on April 22, the day on which lands are open to settlement. There are already more than enough people on hand on the border, waiting for that date, to take up all the lands that will be open to settlers, and every day their numbers are largely augmented. The Commissioner of the General Land office has issued instructions to the registers of the two new land offices in the territory as to their action in permitting entries, and Secretary NOBLE has approved them. The most important feature is this:

Any person applying to enter or file for a homestead will be required, first, to made affidavit, in addition to other requirements, that he did not violate the law by entering upon and occupying any portion of the lands described in the President's proclamation, dated March 23, 1889, prior to 12 o'clock noon, April 22, 1889, the affidavit to accompany your returns for the entry allowed. The statute provides that town site entries may be allowed under sections 2387 and 2388, United States Revised Statutes, but limits the area in any such entry to one-half section of 320 acres, as the maximum, whatever the number of inhabitants.

Should applications for town site entries or filings be presented by parties in interest in the absence of officers properly qualified to make entry in trust for the inhabitants under the provisions of said Section 2387, you will note the applications on your records, forward a report thereof to this office, with any papers presented, and await instructions before allowing any entry of the land. No rights under the town site laws can be acquired to any of the lands described in the said proclamation prior to the time therein prescribed for the same to become open to entry and occupancy as aforesaid, viz: 12 o'clock noon of the 22d of April, 1889.

THE RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

It appears that the efforts made to improve the railroad situation in the West and Northwest by the presidents of the leading lines have thus far met with some measure of success. Rates have been thus far, on the whole, well maintained, and the results of the "presidents' agreement" have been quite as satisfactory as were anticipated. The total of net earnings of such roads as were comprehended under that agreement for the month of January are in excess of those of the same month last year by 50 per cent, and reports for the month of February show up very favorably.

It is true that the railroad situation has been favored this year by the absence of bad weather, but without the aid of this circumstance the improvement noted could not have occurred. The mild weather has restricted the demand for coal, and hence there was less coal traffic on the lines having that kind of business. It has also restricted travel to the winter resorts and hys also interfered with certain kinds of operations customary to the winter months. There has also been almost a complete check to new railroad building in that section of the country. In view of these circumstances, that there should have been such a marked improvement in gross and net earnings is pretty good evidence of the advantages resulting from the new condition of affairs.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We wish to say that it is impossible for us to consider any proposition for the publication of serial stories. All our arrangements are made for the present year, and we can not undertake to make any change.

We also wish to remind our friends that we do not desire any matter sent to us for which remuneration is desired or expected. We have a salaried staff of editors, of ability and experience in their respective lines, and we find we can make a better paper in this way (though it is more expensive), than by depending upon contributors to send in articles from which to select.

We especially request that no poems shall be sent us. We do not want them. Our arrangements are ample for all possible needs of THE BLADE.

We are glad to receive contributions on the topics pertaining to the Household, Young Folks (except poetry) Farm, Camp Fire and Question Bureau. We can not, however, pay for any such contributions, nor send THE

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

Governor Larrabee Declares it to be an Assured Success.

What the District and Superior Court Judges Say.

INTERESTING OPINIONS.

Some Minor Defects in the Liquor Statutes Pointed Out.

A Mass of Information on the Workings of the Iowa Law.

As the main argument of the Rum Power in the prohibitory campaign in Pennsylvania is, that "Prohibition is a failure," THE BLADE addressed a letter to Hon. Wm. Larrabee, governor of Iowa, asking for certain information, to which the following reply has been received:

STATE OF IOWA, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, DES MOINES, March, 30, 1889.

Editor Toledo Blade, Toledo, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 27th inst., requesting me to send you, for publication, a statement of facts concerning the operation of our prohibitory law. I had very recently occasion to write a letter upon this very subject. As nothing occurs to me now that might be added to that statement, I have concluded to send you a copy of it, together with copies of such documents as it refers to.

Trusting that this will answer your purpose, I remain yours truly,

W. LARRABEE.

THE GOVERNOR'S LETTER.

An Array of Facts Overwhelming in Their Significance in Favor of Prohibition.

Below is given the letter inclosed in the above and referred to by Governor Larrabee:

STATE OF IOWA, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, DES MOINES, March 18, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—Your communication of a recent date is at hand and noted. In reply I desire to say that the Prohibitory law in Iowa has much more than answered the best expectations of its former most hopeful advocates.

As regards the assertion that Prohibition has driven people out of the state, I think not a person has left the state on account of Prohibition whom it is desirable to have return. Many of those interested in the saloon and liquor business, and such persons as are usually attracted by these interests have left, and the state is largely the gainer thereby. The cheap lands of the states and territories west of us have induced a great many enterprising and valuable citizens to emigrate, independent of any influence of Prohibition.

There has been a steady growth in our population, and the census of 1889 will probably show in Iowa 2,000,000 inhabitants. The vote at the last election shows an increase of 65,329 votes over the Presidential election of 1884—a larger increase than the election of 1884 showed over that of 1880.

As to depreciation of value of real estate occasioned by Prohibition, it is the sheerest nonsense. Values have, I believe, been sustained in Iowa as well as in adjoining states where Prohibition is not the rule. The same causes that have affected values elsewhere have undoubtedly had their effect here. Crops grow, herds multiply, and the markets of the world are as much open to us the same as before, and why should business suffer? Money is now spent for the necessaries of life and for legitimate uses, instead of being spent at the saloon.

The banking business of a state is, perhaps, as fair a barometer of business as can be found. The number of banks in this state has increased from 186 in 1883, to 244 in 1888; deposits have increased from $27,231,719 74 in 1883, to $39,235,302.98 in 1888.

I think *more than half* the jails in the state are *entirely empty* at the present time. There are 98 less convicts in our penitentiary than there were three years ago, notwithstanding the growth of our population. Expenses in criminal courts have decreased very largely during the last few years.

I send you with this a copy of a collection of letters from the district judges of our state, which will show you that the testimony is overwhelming in favor of the law. More recent statements from them would no doubt show still more favorable results.

The demands for the exercise of the process of extradition, both to and from the state, have been greatly diminished. In 1883, the Governor of this state issued 125 requisitions upon the executives of other states for the return of fugitives from justice, and before the thorough enforcement of the Prohibitory law this number had risen to 167. In 1887 it fell to 112, and last year to 68. In 1883, the number of extradition warrants issued was 62; in 1887, 38, and last year only 37, or less than any year since 1873, when our population was one-third less than what it is now.

Tramps are very scarce in Iowa. There are evidently very few attractions for them here. Probably more than 3,000 of their recruiting stations have been closed in Iowa during the last five years. The wives and mothers of the state, and especially those of small means, are almost unanimously in favor of the law. The families of laboring men now receive the benefit of the earnings that formerly went to the saloon. There is no question in my mind but what the law is doing good work for our people.

My views heretofore advanced in favor of the law are strengthened and confirmed by added experience. Our people are more determined than ever to make no compromise with the saloon. The law has more friends in the state than it ever had before, and I am satisfied that no state can show results more gratifying. Yours truly,

[Signed] WM. LARRABEE.

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE.

Letters Written by Iowa District and Superior Court Judges on the Prohibitory Law.

The printed document referred to in Governor Larrabee's letter is a 50-page pamphlet, entitled: "Letters Written by District and Superior Court Judges to the Governor, Embodying Their Views Concerning Needed Legislation and the Operation of the Prohibitory Liquor Law. 1888." It opens with the following statement from the governor, under date of January, 1888:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Twenty-second General Assembly:

GENTLEMEN:—On the 7th day of December last, I mailed to each of the District and Superior Court Judges of the state, a circular letter, of which the following is a copy, viz:

"DES MOINES, IOWA, Dec. 7, 1887.

"DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of a letter from one of the judges of the state, containing several valuable suggestions as regards executive recommendations to the next General Assembly. It occurs to me that much desirable information could be obtained in that direction from the various judicial officers of the state, who have excellent opportunities to detect defects in our laws. I therefore take the liberty to inform you that I shall be pleased to receive from you any suggestions concerning needed legislation that you may be disposed to make.

"I shall also thank you to apprise me of the effect of the prohibitory law in your district, particularly upon crime and criminal expenses. Would you, after having for several years observed the operation of the present prohibitory law, advise its repeal; and, if so, what would you propose to place in its stead? Very respectfully yours,

"WM. LARRABEE."

Nearly all of the judges addressed have favored me with replies, and, as the letters contain much valuable information and many pertinent suggestions as to needed legislation, I deem it advisable to have them printed and laid before you for your consideration. WM. LARRABEE.

THE BLADE omits all reference to other laws, and gives below the reply of each judge to the governor's inquiries regarding the Prohibitory law:

From Hon. H. C. Traverse, Judge Second District.

BLOOMFIELD.—We have but little trouble, since the recent decision of the Supreme court of the United States, to enforce the prohibitory liquor law. We would have had the saloons down long ago if the federal courts had not stretched their protecting hands over the heads of such fellows as "Stormy Jordan." As it is, there is only one county, Wapello, out of the eight counties comprising this district, where open saloons are in operation. My experience is, that wherever saloons are closed, crime is diminished. The temperance sentiment in this part of the state is growing, and I think that the recent decision of the Supreme court of the United States in the Kansas case, upholding the law, will result in a growth of temperance sentiment all over the Union. It is the most civilizing and Christianizing event that has happened within the age. In my judgment, our prohibitory law should be left just as it is, except that the pharmacy law should be so amended as to make it entirely clear that one holding a permit may be indicted if he sells to a minor or drunkard. Such sales should make him guilty of keeping a nuisance.

From Hon. Dell Stuart, Judge Second District.

CHARITON.—Permit me to say that I would not advise the repeal of the prohibitory liquor law. I am satisfied that this district would have been entirely rid of saloons and breweries for the past year or two, if the interior federal courts had not interfered with the state courts. I trust that since the prompt and clear decision of the Supreme court of the United States, we may have no more of this singular interference; and if we have none, I have no doubt of the ability of the courts of Iowa to enforce the law as easily and completely as any other law upon our statute books.

From Hon. J. W. Harvey, Judge Third District.

LEON, IOWA.—You ask me as to the effect of the prohibitory liquor law in this district, and particularly upon crime and criminal expenses. The law is well enforced in this district. I am not aware that there is a saloon in the district. It has reduced crime at least one-half, and the criminal expenses in a like ratio. I would not and do not favor the repeal of the law. But in my judgment, the pharmacy law should be amended so as to make it more stringent on the pharmacist. As the law now stands, it is greatly abused by many of the pharmacists. The temptation to make make money is too great for many of them.

From Hon. R. C. Henry, Judge Third District.

MT. AYR.—The liquor law has done some good, and has become pretty well settled by our Supreme court. I doubt the expediency of changing it. I am also opposed to what some people are pleased to call a state constabulary to enforce the liquor law. The enactment of such a law will, in my judgment, prove a miserable failure, and in the end defeat the object of the law.

From Hon. C. H. Lewis, Judge Fourth District.

SIOUX CITY.—I think the prohibitory law is all right and should not be repealed. Some additional legislation is needed to meet the cases of some druggists, but I am not certain as to what should be done The law is as well enforced as any other, and has decreased criminal expenses at least two-thirds.

From Hon. S. M. Ladd, Judge Fourth District.

SHELDON, IOWA.—First. The law allowing the sale of intoxicating liquors for culinary purposes should be abolished. There is no more reason for allowing it to be sold for this purpose than in allowing it to be sold as a beverage.

Second—No one save a registered pharmacist who now may sell for medical purposes, should be allowed to sell for mechanical or sacramental purposes. There is no reason for permitting persons to handle for these purposes other than those who sell for medical purposes.

Third—Having restricted the sale of intoxicating liquors to a single line of business—the druggists—then for sacramental purposes sales should be allowed to clergymen and priests only, and they be required to sign statements as to the use they will make thereof.

From Hon. G. W. Wakefield, Judge Fourth District.

SIOUX CITY.—As to the prohibitory law of this state, I will say that I came here in March, 1868, and during all these years until in 1886 the law failed to prohibit in Sioux City. The traffic seemed to be so firmly rooted, not only by the number engaged in it, but through business and social relations with others, that at the time of the amendment's prohibiting wine and beer, it seemed to me that, while that ought to be the general law of the state, yet there ought to be an exception as to municipalities having ample police powers, as, for example, cities of the first and second class, and as to these there should be a local option between absolute prohibition and a high license—say not less than $1,000. The legislature, however, enacted our present law, and at Sioux City we have passed through the heat of the battle, and the points of friction seem to be broken and enforcement possible and practicable. I would not, therefore, advise a repeal of the law until a further trial has shown whether, in such a city as ours, the enforcement is practicable. I am satisfied that our city, having during the past year enjoyed a season of great prosperity and growth, has added materially in the change of affairs here. As the saloons were driven out other business came in to occupy the vacant places, and prevented the depreciation of real estate and rents that would otherwise have followed and created material dissatisfaction.

From Hon. J. H. Henderson, Judge Fifth District.

INDIANOLA.—The prohibitory law is now good enough, and should be given full time and experience to test its efficiency. I am well satisfied that the law as it now is, if enforced, will remedy the evil. If courts, judges, sheriffs and other peace officers, as well as citizens, do their duty we will entirely suppress the evil under the present law.

The pharmacy law must be repealed or amended. Too many violate the law to permit it to stand. I am not prepared in this short letter to suggest the proper remedy.

From Hon. O. B. Ayres, Judge Fifth District.

ADEL.—I have no doubt but that the prohibitory law has reduced criminal offenses and the expense of the courts in this district very largely, and I certainly should not advise a repeal of it; but I would advise a modification or change in the pharmacy law.

From Hon. A. W. Wilkinson, Judge Fifth District.

WINTERSET.—The prohibitory law in this district is well enforced. While there are clandestine sales of liquor, I know of no saloon in the district. I have no doubt but that crime and criminal expenses have been lessened by the observance and enforcement of this law, and in my opinion the effect of it has been to lessen general litigation, and I am not ready to advise its repeal.

From Hon. W. R. Lewis, Judge Sixth District.

MONTEZUMA.—I would not recommend the repeal of the prohibitory liquor law, as I believe that if it has the same attention that the other criminal laws of the state, and the others receive the same attention that it does, which should be the case, it will end the saloon and promote a temperance sentiment and sobriety, and in every way a better state of things in society.

From Hon. J. K. Johnson, Judge Sixth District.

OSKALOOSA.—There can be no doubt that the effect of the prohibitory law has been to reduce very materially crime and criminal expenses in this district. I would not advise its repeal.

From Hon. D. Ryan, Judge Sixth District.

NEWTON.—In regard to the prohibitory law, I am free to say that in my limited experience on the bench, and twenty years at the bar, that I would not advise its repeal. The use of intoxicating liquor is certainly a very fruitful source of crime. This law is now generally enforced in Washington county, Louisa county, Poweshiek county, and Jasper county. In Mahaska county and Keokuk county the law is not so well enforced or observed. The criminal docket in Mahaska county alone consumes more time and makes more expense than in all of the first four counties named.

From Hon. W. F. Brannan, Judge Seventh District.

MUSCATINE.—A very large majority of the inhabitants of this judicial district are not in sympathy with the prohibitory liquor law, and in two of the counties, Scott and Clinton, notwithstanding the judges in their charges to the grand jury have called special attention to the provisions of the law for the suppression of intemperance, that body has as yet failed to find indictments for its violation. In the other two counties, Muscatine and Jackson, indictments were found, but under an arrangement with the county attorney of Muscatine county, sanctioned, as I understand, by the late lamented Judge Rogers, and with the concurrence, as I am informed, of those actively engaged in these prosecutions, injunctions were ordered to be issued against the defendants in those cases, and the criminal proceedings against them dismissed at their costs, the defendants on their part agreeing to discontinue the business.

From Hon. S. H. Fairall, Judge Eighth District.

IOWA CITY.—You ask as to the effect of the prohibitory law in this district upon crime and criminal expenses. A reference to the report of criminal statistics of past years, and the record for 1887, will show that in Johnson and Iowa counties, for the last ten years, there have been but comparatively few criminal prosecutions, scarcely enough to pay the prosecuting attorney's expenses. The year just ending is about, in the matter of such cases and expenses occasioned thereby, the same as past years.

From Hon. W. F. Conrad, Judge Ninth District.

DES MOINES.—I have had no charge of criminal business since I have been judge, and am, therefore, not prepared to say what legislation is needed in the way of amendment to, or change of the prohibitory liquor law. One suggestion I will make, however, as to a change which I think is very much needed, and that is, that the authority to grant permits to manufacture and sell intoxicating liquors be taken from the board of supervisors, and the power and authority be given to the district court. The authority to grant permits has been very much abused in this county.

As to the operation of the law, my observation is that it has largely diminished crime in this district, and very much lessened the costs of maintaining the courts.

From Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, Jr., Judge Ninth District.

DES MOINES.—In regard to your second query, I would say that the prohibitory law has, to a certain extent, impaired this community commercially, but, on the other hand, it has decreased crime over 50 per cent., and added largely to individual happiness.

From Hon. Josiah Given, Judge Ninth District.

DES MOINES.—As to the effect of the prohibitory law in this county, I state what I think is a matter of common observation, that drunkenness has been very materially decreased, and that aside from prosecutions for the enforcement of that law, criminal charges are considerably less. Prosecutions under that law have been very numerous indeed, and have constituted the larger part of the criminal calendar of our court during the last year. I would certainly not advise its repeal, and I do not know of any law that I would be willing to see placed in its stead.

Much fault has been found, and often for good reasons, with the manner of the enforcement of the prohibitory law in this county. But experience is developing which of the many remedies afforded under it is the most effective. My experience in the enforcement of that law does not suggest any legislation as needed. The law is ample, and the remedy for the errors in its enforcement is entirely with the officers of the law.

From Hon. J. J. Ney, Judge Tenth District.

INDEPENDENCE.—The prohibitory law seems to be strong enough in places where it can be enforced. I do not feel like giving my opinion as to the advisability of repealing the law. This district is a strong anti-prohibition district. In Dubuque and Black Hawk counties the most intense anti-prohibition sentiments are espoused by leading men of wealth, influence and respectability, and in Dubuque county the law is a dead letter. I have no hopes for the successful enforcement of prohibition in that county, unless there should be an entire revolution of the popular feeling. Whether the law can be made successful in other counties of the district remains to be seen.

From Hon. S. M. Weaver, Judge Eleventh District.

IOWA FALLS:—As to the prohibitory statutes, I have to report their very general observance in this district. In three or four counties in which grand juries are still a little slow to indict, but as a whole, the law is well enforced. I have also to say that crime, generally, is very much lessened. I have been on the bench now a year, and I have held twelve terms of court in eight different counties. During that time I have been called upon to preside in but two state cases where the charge was above the grade of misdemeanor, and have had occasion to pronounce but one sentence of imprisonment in the penitentiary. The criminal expenses in nearly every county are being reduced to a very low sum. I am strongly of the opinion that this law needs little, if any amendment. Possibly some stricter measures of responsibility for drug sales may be advisable. I would not do more. If the law is not observed in any locality, it is simply because the friends of the law are passive, and the court and prosecution shirk their duty. There is not a county in the state where, if the court does not ignore its plain duty, a single resolute citizen or faithful county attorney cannot close every open saloon within its borders. If juries will not indict or convict, and in several counties we have seen that they will not, the injunction feature of the statute is all sufficient, and if resolutely and faithfully applied will accomplish the work. Possibly it may be wise to enact some measures for calling judges, prosecutors and sheriffs to a stricter account for unfaithfulness in the discharge of their duties. That accomplished, and it seems to me all that is necessary, the matter is within the legitimate province of legislation.

From Hon. J. L. Stevens, Judge Eleventh District.

AMES.—Sickness in my family prevents a consideration of the subject-matter of your letter. However, I will make one suggestion, namely, that the prohibitory law be allowed to remain as it is for two years longer. Then if it needs changing, we will all know better in what respects.

From Hon. John B. Cleland, Judge Twelfth District.

OSAGE.—I would not advise the repeal of the prohibitory law at this time. I think it should be tried for a time without amendment. Every one knows that the law as it now stands, is sufficient in its terms, if enforced, to close out the saloon business effectually. In my judgment the expectation of some new measure from each general assembly does not tend to strengthen the feeling in support of the law. The law cannot be made strong enough to enforce itself, and with moderate support from the people it is sufficient now for all practical purposes. It seems to me the law has been fairly enforced in this district with good results.

From Hon. L. O. Hatch, Judge Thirteenth District.

NEW HAMPTON.—As to the effect of prohibition on crime in my district, I am not prepared to say that any results are plainly visible. The criminal business of my courts is very fluctuating. At one term it happens that not an indictment is presented, and not a criminal case tried. At the very next term, perhaps, many indictments are found, and the grand jury adjourns leaving unfinished business. It is so now, it was so before any attempt was made to enforce prohibition. The truth seems to be that there has not been time, since prohibition has been partially enforced in this district, to enable any one to base a reliable judgment on results. From the nature of the case more time is necessary.

From Hon. C. T. Granger, Judge Thirteenth District.

WAUKON.—You ask me to apprise you of the effect of the prohibitory law in this district. My labors as judge have been confined to the north half of the district. The effort at closing the saloons in these counties commenced in the spring, and has been successful. By this it is not to be understood that there are not violations of the law. The instances of violation are doubtless many, as is true of many of our laws that no candid person would ask to dispense with. I have no hesitancy in saying that the closing of the front door of the saloon, whereby it is destroyed as a place of social resort, has cancelled nine-tenths of the drunkenness. The instances in which we see a man drunk now, except he be an "old toper," or one who makes it a business, are rare indeed. With commendable energy the law can be enforced. You inquire as to our criminal business, and how it is affected by the enforcement of the law. At the beginning of the year, before the attempt at enforcement, in one county the entire term was occupied with criminal business, and much left undone. In the other two counties, most of the term was consumed in the trial of criminal cases, and nearly every case the result of a saloon influence or drunkenness. Today there is but one criminal case pending in the three counties, and that is an old case growing out of whisky sales. Our grand juries have comparatively nothing to do. So far as I know, but one man in jail, and he for violating an injunction in a liquor case. Our criminal expenses, since the closing of the saloons have been comparatively nominal. In two counties this fall, not a single criminal trial, and but one in the other, and that for resisting an officer in a fit of drunkenness more than a year since. The enemies of the law make some noise over the fact that some expense is made on account of boarding those confined for contempt where injunctions are violated. Before the attempted enforcement, one little assault and battery case, the result of a drunken row, in which the county paid the expenses of both sides, would often double the expense of any county for board in such cases. The expense complained of is not a pittance in comparison.

Last, you ask if I would recommend the repeal of the prohibitory law. I answer, no.

From Hon. Geo. H. Carr, Judge Fourteenth District.

EMMETSBURG.—The present prohibitory law is, in my judgment, a success. That feature of the law which provides for the issuance of injunctions, and the punishment as for a contempt for violations of restraining orders, is especially efficient. The law is being very well enforced in this district, and we have no open saloons. I have of late observed a marked change in the demeanor of witnesses called to testify in reference to violations of the law. Such witnesses do not now, as formerly, appear to deem it their duty to shield violators of the law by false or evasive testimony. The sentiment appears to be that the seller must take the chances as he has the profits, and the buyer when called upon to testify in a court of justice, is under no obligation which requires him to commit perjury to protect him. This healthy and manly sentiment is, I believe, daily becoming more general among the patrons of the violators of the law, and means death to the illegal sale of liquors. With witnesses who will tell the truth, and all questions of law settled against them, the violators of the prohibitory law stand to-day in our courts upon the same footing as other lawbreakers. I have no fault to find with the law as it is, and am of the opinion that no radical change would be safe at this time unless it be to take the business out of the hands of the druggists.

From Hon. Lot Thomas, Judge Fourteenth District.

STORM LAKE.—As to the effect of the prohibitory law in this district, I am satisfied that it is reducing crime, and, as a consequence, criminal expenses. In this district the law is as well enforced as are any of the other criminal laws of the state. In my judgment it would be a grave mistake to attempt to repeal the law, or to substitute local option or high license in its place.

From Hon. H. E. Deemer, Judge Fifteenth District.

RED OAK.—First of all, our present pharmacy law needs serious modication or repeal. Something should be enacted by which the pharmacists can be better controlled. I do not believe that the sale of intoxicants should be prohibited for certain recognized lawful purposes, but it seems to me that the persons selling it should be surrounded with restrictions that when they do abuse their trust it could be easily proven, and they severely punished.

The prohibitory law is working nicely in every county in this district except in Pottawattamie, and I think there it is having a good effect and gaining ground rapidly. It is a noticeable fact that there the criminal docket is much larger, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in the other counties. In many of the counties the jail is getting to be almost an unnecessary building, and in the last three counties I have visited there was not an occupant. The effects of the prohibitory law upon crime have been very marked, but as I have kept no data, I can not give you any comparative figures. No; I do not advise the repeal of the prohibitory law, Give it further trial. We gave license a long, long probationary trial, and it was found wanting, and now the experiment (?) of prohibition should, in fairness, have time to show its merits or demerits. I now suggest nothing at present instead of the prohibitory law, except, perhaps, a revision making some of its parts more clear and certain, and fixing additional penalties, and enacting a more stringent pharmacy law.

From Hon. George Carson, Judge Fifteenth District.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.—When in the Senate I favored local option, but I am now satisfied that the statute should stand. My belief is that the effect has been very favorably in the reduction of criminal offenses, especially those growing out of brawls and quarreling.

From Hon. C. F. Loofborrow, Judge Fifteenth District.

ATLANTA.—I would not advise the repeal of the prohibitory laws, for I believe, on the whole, the effect is beneficial. The criminal record is certainly much reduced. I think, however, some modifications might be made with profit. The law has in some places been subjected to severe criticism on account of the means sometimes resorted to, ostensibly for its enforcement. Prosecutions are begun and conducted in such manner, in some instances, as leads to the conclusion that the only object the prosecution is private gain to the parties in charge of the prosecution. People call it "blackmail." I believe the law would be relieved of much odium and be better administered if all prosecutions for violations, and especially for the recovery of penalties, were put in the exclusive control of sworn officers of the state, sky the county attorney of each county.

From Hon. A. B. Thornell, Judge Fifteenth District.

SIDNEY:—The prohibitory law has been very effective in all places in this district except at Council Bluffs. It might be well to make what is known as "boot-legging" an indictable offense. In some places in this district men sell intoxicating liquor in some secret place and carry it around in bottles and sell it. It is frequently hard to get a jury in a justice's court that will convict for such sales, while in the district court they would be likely to be punished. I think that in many instances the privileges granted under the pharmacy law have been abused.

You speak of the repeal of the prohibitory law. I should regard its repeal as a calamity, and have no suggestions to offer in its stead.

From Hon. J. H. Macomber, Judge Sixteenth District.

IDA GROVE:—In the first place, in counties where the drinking places are closed, we sometimes find so called "boot-leggers." The law now makes all places where liquor is sold a nuisance, and, to clear out the feature of migratory sales, I would have the legislature make these acts a nuisance and making all other laws apply to them so far as applicable. The acts as well as the places, it seems to me, should be declared to be nuisances. It is idle and useless to prosecute those engaged in the liquor traffic before justices of the peace except in occasional cases.

Ida, Sac, Calhoun and Greene counties are doing as well as could be expected in enforcing the law. In all those counties the county attorneys are men of high moral character, willing to enforce the law in all respects. Carroll and Crawford counties are known to be adverse to enforcing the prohibitory law. The county attorneys there are quite helpless except through injunctions. I lived in Maine and worked for temperance there, and I do not expect total cessation of the traffic. It is impossible to obtain such a result. I believe it is a good law and tends mightily to uphold moral ideas. I am opposed to any looking back. That the Supreme court of the United States places its recent decision upon the well known fact that intoxicating liquors causes crime, paupers and disorder. During political excitement men are apt to forget the good that is in them, but freed from political bias, all good men must feel an abiding curse upon the saloon system.

From Hon. L. G. Kiane, Judge Seventeenth District.

TOLEDO, IOWA.—As our prohibitory laws have often been amended without due regard to the statutes then in force, and as they are somewhat scattered, it would seem best, if such legislation is desired, that all the present statutes on that subject be repealed and all prohibitory legislation be enacted in a single chapter, and at one time, to the end that the elements of uncertainty which now exists in construing these several acts might be done away with. All laws, especially of a penal character, should be clear as to their intent and meaning. Our present statutes on this subject are far from being so.

From Hon. J. D. Griffin, Judge Eighteenth District.

MARION—In answer to your letter, I beg to say that the prohibitory law works well in this district.

From Hon. John T. Stoneman, Judge Superior Court.

CEDAR RAPIDS—The repeal of the prohibitory law now is not desirable. It should be amended so that drug stores cannot be maintained as dram shops.

From Hon. G. P. Wilson, Judge Superior Court.

CRESTON—You ask me as to the workings of the liquor law in this part of the state. I was not in favor of the law, thinking that the public sentiment was not strong enough to make it a success, and that high license would work better. I have carefully watched its working and am convinced that I was wrong. Whatever was the sentiment at its passage, I am satisfied that nine-tenths of our citizens would vote against its repeal today. I have counted the cases on the mayor's docket of Creston with the following result, viz: From January 1, 1881, to January 1, 1882, there were 200 cases docketed for various offenses; from January 1, 1882, to January 1, 1883, 133 cases; from January 1, 1883, to March 1, 1884, 149 cases; from March 1, 1884, to March 15, 1885, 160 cases; from March 15, 1885, to March 17, 1886, 169 cases; from March 17, 1886, to March 17, 1887, 23 cases, and from March 17 to December 10, 23 cases. Comment is unnecessary. No, sir, I am not in favor of repealing the law, and should be very sorry to see it attempted. I am not aware that any cases for drunkeness have been brought before our justices of the peace, and I think the record above given includes all such cases since my term of office.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER II.

KINGDOM COMING.

BY HENRY C. WORK.

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstas on his face,
Go 'long de road some time dis mornin'
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke, way up de ribber,
Whar de Limkum gumboats lay;
He took his hat, an' laf' berry sudden,
An' I spec he's run away!

CHORUS.—De massa run, ha! ha!
De darkeys stay, ho! ho!
It mine be now de kingdom coming,
An' de year ob jubilo!

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh three hundred pound,
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'an,
An' he get so dreffal tann'd,
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband!

De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing
In de log house on de lawn,
Dey more dan tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some,
I spose dey'll all be confiscated,
When de Limkum sojers come.

De oberseer he makes us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
But de massa 'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better,
Dan to went an' run away!

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

BY WALTER KITTREDGE.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear!

CHORUS:—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good-bye!"

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;
Many are the dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground;
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS:—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Waiting for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace,
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp ground.

THAT OFFER OF $5,000.

Our readers will doubtless call to mind the offer so widely advertised for the past ten years by H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, that they would pay $5,000 to any person who would prove to an impartial referee that they had ever published a testimonial that was not genuine so far as they knew.

This offer had the ring of honesty about it, and as the matter has an especial interest just now we give a copy of the offer as it appears in the Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co.'s pamphlet:

☞ AN OFFER OF $5,000.00. ☜

Every Testimonial published by us is Bona Fide, and, so far as we know, is absolutely true. To any person who will prove the contrary to an impartial referee we will give $5,000. H. H. WARNER & CO.

Rochester, N. Y., January 2, 1888.

We ask the reader's careful attention to the following testimonials, as bearing on the offer, and their unbiased opinion of the same with reference to the $5,000.

IOWA CITY, Ia., June 30, 1888.—Some weeks since my daughter had a severe attack of Rheumatism. She was persuaded to take one bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and one of Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, and has entirely recovered. We think it wonderful, as twice before she had been confined to her bed for months with it.—MRS. SYLVANUS JOHNSON.

CAMP VERDE, Arizona, Oct. 27, 1888.—For nearly a year I suffered from Gravel, and was under the treatment of a doctor. I took a great deal of medicine, but it all seemed to fail. I then began with Warner's Safe Cure, and after using one bottle of it I began to get better; got another bottle, and took half of it. The gravel stone left me, and I began to mend. I am now feeling as well as I ever did in my life.—MRS. DOLLY MASON.

231 Myrtle Ave., BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 1888.—In 1866 I was attacked with kidney disease, and suffered for twenty years, applying often for advice to medical men of high standing, without any apparent relief. In 1886 I was advised to try Warner's Safe Cure, and after having used fifteen bottles of it I was completely cured, and am happy to state that I have never felt the disease since in any form.—P. B. MCMULLEN.

NEWARK, N. Y., June 20, 1888.—Last winter I was attacked with severe kidney difficulty, which incapacitated me for work, severe pains in the small of the back, attended with almost constant aching on the least exertion. I suffered much pain, the passage of water was a severe trial, accompanied with much scalding and redness of the urine. I felt I was suffering from premonitory symptoms of Bright's Disease. I procured a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking the first bottle I felt much improved that I continued to take it to the extent of four bottles. I am now a new man, able to do a good hard day's work, with no recurrence of any trouble with the kidneys.—MANDEVILLE W. PLASS.

There is no getting away from such testimony as the above. The offer is genuine. In fact Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. have always requested that doubters should write direct to persons giving testimonials, (enclosing stamp,) and who are of necessity, in great majority of cases, totally unacquainted with the firm.

Served Him Right.

"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady addressing an acquaintance, "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence De Johnes?"

"It is quite true."

"Gracious! What was the cause?"

"He was addicted to the use of slang."

"Oh!"

"Yes. I begged him to discontinue the habit, but he persisted in it."

"And the result?"

"The result is, he is in the soup."—*Boston Courier.*

Advertising Stamps.

A firm of great genius has offered the British government an immense sum for the use of the national stamp for advertising purposes. The advertisement to be printed on the back of the stamp before the gum is put on, so that the purchaser of every stamp must see the announcement before he moistens the gum. This is an Australian idea.

WELCOME IN HIS OLD AGE.

Lorenze Siebert Draws $5,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

Lorenze Siebert who keeps a clothes repairing and cleaning shop at 813 Summit street, is one of the two persons who drew one-twentieth of the ticket No. 10,420 in the March drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. A reporter for THE BLADE called on him and asked him to tell about it.

"Well," he said, "I had drawn several times before and never got more than $10 or $20, and I was not expecting anything this time. I sold a quarter of my ticket to my partner, William Parde, and another quarter to Mr. Haas, a friend of mine. We are all poor men, and I tell you there were three happy old men when we learned that we had $5,000 to divide up. We got the money in a few days, through the U. S. Express company, and I have put mine out at interest, to have something in my old age."

Mr. Siebert is about 60 years old, his partner a middle-aged man, and Mr. Haas is 54.

THE CZAR IS DEAD.

One of Those Scenes a Spectator Never Forgets.

"I was in St. Petersburg when Alexander II. was assassinated, and saw the last smile which he ever bestowed on any woman." The speaker was Henri Stuart, the actor, who supported Coquelin and Hading during their American tour. "Five members of the company of the Imperial theater," he continued, "myself among the number, were in a room overlooking the street when the czar passed. We heard the cheering of the crowd, and hastened to the window to see the procession pass. The ladies in our party, all of whom were under his patronage, drew lace handkerchiefs from their pockets and waved a greeting to the emperor. He saw the fluttering of the lace, looked up quickly and, recognizing the party, smiled and bowed. A moment later a loud explosion was heard. Then there was a short but oppressive silence, followed by another explosion, and we heard cries of 'The Czar is dead!' The first bomb shattered the carriage in which the monarch sat and killed a Cossack who rode alongside. The second, hurled by a young Russian nihilist, killed both the Emperor and his murderer.

"The conduct of the emperor," continued the speaker, "was superb. When his carriage was shattered by the first explosion, he stepped calmly on the ground and looked about him. Then noticing that the wounded cossack had but a short time to live, he stepped to his side and grasped his hand. The Czar, you know, is the head of the Greek church in Russia, and he did not exceed his privilege when he knelt down and made the sign of the cross on the dying man's forehead. This was tenderly, reverently done, but the next instant his whole expression changed. 'See what you have done,' he said to the assassin fiercely. 'Are you Russian or Pole?' 'Russian,' was the sullen response. The sons of Russia, you know, affect to think that no Russian would stoop to such an assassination.

"As they stood together there was a motion of the crowd and the other bomb was hurled to the ground. It struck midway between the man who threw it and the Czar. Both reeled and fell. The assassin, who was only 22, counted the cost and in his fanaticism gladly gave up his life in order, as he thought, that Russia might be free. As I remember the bombs they looked like two saucers with the edges glued together. Nitro-glycerine filled the center and in the middle of this was a small vial containing a lighter explosive which was broken by the concussion and which at once exploded the glycerine. I thought that the city would go crazy in its mingled emotions, but the police took hold with an iron grasp, wholesale arrests followed and the most lawless were awed into a sullen respect for the new Czar and his power."—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They compromise

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla,

"Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

STEALING FOR HER LAZY LORD.

How a Squirrel Made Away With a Farmer's Store of Nuts.

The Psalmist's injunction to the lazy man to go to the ant for an example of industry has lost its force for a Danbury farmer, who points to the squirrel as affording an instance of agility, quickness and hard work. Last fall he stored several bushels of butternuts in the second story of his corn-house, and recently he noticed that they were disappearing much faster than the legitimate demands for his family supply warranted. He discovered soon afterward that a squirrel, a small red one, which the farmers' boys call "chipmunks," had found a hole under the eaves of the building, and was stocking her storehouse with the nuts the farmer had gathered. As an experiment to learn how rapidly the squirrel labored, he removed all but twenty of the nuts and set a watch upon them. Six hours afterward every nut was gone. The distance from the corn-house to the tree where the squirrel had its nest, was just 80 rods. In going for a nut and returning with it, the sprightly little animal had to travel a distance of 160 rods. Computation showed that the theft of the twenty nuts required just ten miles of travel. But this did not include all. Several times dogs frightened the squirrel, and it had to turn back, and twice the family cat got after it, requiring it to take a circuitous route to reach the store-house. The nest was examined soon afterward, and a big, fat, lazy male squirrel was found snoozing quietly while his little mate was performing a prodigious feat to supply him with food.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Causes and Increase of Blindness.

Dr. Lucien Howe, of Buffalo, read a report from the committee appointed two years previously to make investigations in this line. They had found that the number of blind were rapidly increasing in proportion to population, and more so the further South one went, and especially in the states of Nebraska, Arizona, Nevada, and Dakota. Most of the existing blind

The Household.

MISS EMILY C. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

THE PLANT-LORE OF OLD.

Belief That Trees and Flowers Were Spirit-Haunted.

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

LOWER-TIME is almost here. Already in the South they are lifting up their fair faces to the sunlight and shower, telling a wonderful story of the goodness of the Father to His children. In the far North, the day is not yet, for ice and snow still hold Mother Earth in thrall. Here in the midlands, earlier than usual, there is a whispered promise of the beauty and glory that are to come to make hearts glad and tender—tender because few there are that love flowers who can look upon them and hold any thoughts but gentle and loving ones to humanity. They speak eloquently of the universal brotherhood of man, for they bloom as brightly for the sin-sick and fallen as for the good and pure.

It is a marvellous thing this budding of the trees and flowers. Little wonder is it that in primitive times it was believed that plants had souls, for they seemed to follow many of the same laws that govern man. Personality was ascribed to them, a sort of spiritual vitality, and very many believed that to cut them down was to take life. The wind sighing through the leaves of trees was an expression of grief and pain. "The Wallachians have a superstition now," says Folkard in his 'Plant-Lore' "that every flower has a soul, and that the water lily is the sinless and scentless flower of the Lake, which blossoms at the gate of Paradise to judge the rest, and that she will inquire strictly what they have done with their odors." Not strange indeed that the beautiful, spotless flower should be thus regarded, and there is a trace of the superstition in the making of the lily emblematic of purity.

SPIRIT-HAUNTED TREES.

Another superstition anciently connected with trees was that they were spirit-haunted instead of being themselves possessed of spirits. This idea is to be traced through the folk-lore of almost all countries. The Greek dryads had their lives linked to a tree, and it was believed that as that withered and died, they themselves withered away and ceased to be. Any injury to bough or twig was felt as a wound, and a wholesale hewing down put an end to them at once—"a cry of anguish escapes them when the cruel axe comes near." Curious idea this seems, and yet I do not believe there was ever any one who possessed a vivid imagination that has not sometimes, when listening to the whispering of the leaves, had the thought stir of an unrecognized personality there.

In a book recently published by the Appleton's, entitled "Folk-Lore of Plants," this whole subject has been treated of in a most fascinating manner. The author says that superstitions of this kind were not entirely confined to primitive people, but that modern times furnish many a belief in spirit-haunted trees. The alder, the fir and the pine are all the homes of fairies, elves and dwarfs, and to mutilate or cut them down is to cause pain, and to challenge misfortune. There are trees too, which are believed to be bewitched, in which demons dwell, ready to injure the unfortunate who approach too near.

An old belief was that plants were the habitation of departing souls, and this destiny was held to be a reward of virtue. Mourning Grecian maidens were turned into poplars; and in Germany, the soul took the form "of a flower, as a lily or a white rose; and, according to a popular belief, one of these flowers appears on the chairs of those about to die. Upon the grave of a person who was executed for the crime of another, white lilies sprung to show their innocence.

STORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

One of the stories of the middle ages which Tennyson has embalmed in song, is that of Tristram and the beautiful Ysonde. When he was severely wounded in Brittany, he sent for her to come and see him upon his dying bed. If she consented, a white flag was to be hoisted upon the mast head of the ship bearing her himward; if not, a black one. The wife he did not love, told him of the approach of the ship with the black flag, at which the strong man bowed his head and died. When Ysonde landed and learned of his death, she died also. They were buried, and a statue was erected in the likeness of the beautiful Ysonde. "From his grave," says the chronicles, "there grew an eglantine which twined about the statue, a marvel for all men to see, and though three times they cut it down, it grew again and ever wound its arms about the image of the fair Ysonde." Here again was this same belief, that the souls of the dead man went into the rose.

The sensitive plant, with which many of THE BLADE readers are familiar, was thought in olden times to show by its shrinking at the approach of a human being, a distinct personal life. No one, so far as I can learn, has ever yet been able to give an explanation of this phenomenon, so it is not at all strange that the primitive and uncultured should thus believe. The Cingalese to-day are certain that the cocoa-nut plant, so far from dreading the presence of human beings withers away when beyond the reach of the voice.

DESCENT OF MAN.

It might be a relief for those who object to Darwin's idea of a universal monkey ancestor to know that it was once a firmly implanted belief that the human race descended from a tree, and the ash was generally supposed to be the one. In the old Icelandic "Edda," or book of songs, the story is told that all mankind are descended from the ash and the elm. The God Odhinn and his two brothers, were journeying over the earth and discovered the lifeless stocks of those trees or as their condition is described "void of future" and they breathed into them the breath of life. It is described in this way:

"Spirit they owned not,
Sense they had not,
Blood nor vigor,
Nor colour fair.
Spirit gave Odhinn,
Thought gave Hoenir,
Blood gave Lodr,
And colour fair."

So you see that anybody who has no other belief about the origin of the human race, and do not want to trace their descent from the monkey, can have a choice between the animal and the tree. To me it matters little whence I came. The vital thing is always to make the most and best of the *now*.

There have been times when plants and trees have been worshiped as veritable gods with god-like powers. This is not so surprising when one looks at a majestic oak or elm, but reverence has been by no means confined to these, for shrubs, creepers, marsh plants and even weeds have been regarded as possessing supernatural powers. Plant worship would seem to have lain at the very foundation of the old Celtic creed, and traces of tree adoration have been found well marked in Germany, showing that it was also a part of ancient Teutonic beliefs. In Bible history the denunciations of tree-worship are frequent and minute, showing that it then existed. Flower worship is common in Persia, and in some form in other Asiatic countries.

WEATHER SUPERSTITIONS.

The many other superstitions connected with plants are very interesting, but I have not space to dwell upon them now. Some of them connected with the weather are very amusing. Here is one of old England's in rhyme:

"If the oak is out before the ash,
'Twill be a summer of wet and splash.
But if the ash is before the oak,
'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke."

Somebody might test this and tell us what kind of a summer we may expect.

Here is another sign which ought to be an encouragement just now to many parts of the country, as well as here in Toledo, so I will leave it with you as a subject of meditation. If May does its duty, we are "all right:"

"A peck of March dust and a shower in May,
Makes the corn green and the fields gay."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

RUGS.—Some time since, some one wanted to know how to make rugs from sheep wool. She did not say whether it was cut wool or pelts. If the latter, work well, and while damp, color with diamond dyes any shade desired. Line or not as you desire. If it is cut wool very elegant rugs can be made as follows:

Dye the wool the color or colors desired and card it straight. Get a ball of twine and two long wooden or wire needles; cast on stitches enough for the width desired; knit across twice; then knit first stitch put the needle under the next stitch as if to knit it; lay in a strand of wool half as big around as your finger; put over the twine and knit both wool and twine together; knit next stitch plain, then put wool in next stitch as before, and so on across the row; knit back plain; knit next row plain, next row ditto; now knit in wool as before. With care, one can knit in flowers, etc. When the rug is large enough, carefully sheer off even and line.

There are several ways to make rugs of old carpets. One is, to cut across the breadths in inch wide strips. Ravel out each side to three threads in the center. Sew and wind the strips. When enough is prepared, send to a weaver and have woven into strips. It is very thick and heavy, being alike upon both sides. The yarn raveled out can be knit into rugs like the wool, or drawn in with a hook or machine. If a weaver is not handy, take a lining of heavy drilling and run on a strip through the center. Slip a wire under one edge and lap the fringe back so as to place another strip very near to the first; sew on as before. Do this until the lining is covered. Sew the last done upon a sewing machine.—MONTANA MAY.

SUNRISE QUILT.—I saw in this department a few weeks ago a request for directions for piecing a sunrise quilt. I will send it: Material, one yard each of red, white, blue, orange and green. Cut the pieces diamond shape 4½ inches long and 2 inches wide, piece in the form of a star, commencing with 8 red, 16 white, 24 blue, 32 orange, 40 green, repeat. Now it will be round. Commence with red and form the rays of the star, and be sure and have last colors. I think I have made it plain.—AMY M. WALKER.

TABLE SCARF.—Get one-half yard of felt, say red. Line the ends 12 or 15 inches deep with some harmonizing color, say yellow or blue. Leave about six inches at the end to be slashed for fringe. Above this cut out designs, say leaves, from the red, and let the felt beneath show. Around the edge of the leaves sew tinsel cord (Kensel), or a row of feather stitching along the edges. Turn in a hem if desirable. The embroidery silk for the feather stitching to match lining. In lieu of tinsel a button hole stitch of silk will do nicely for the edge of the designs cut out.

Two shades of fancy colored cotton flannel will do nicely if felt is not obtainable.—MRS. O. C. TOOKER.

KNITTING AND CROCHTING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p two, purl two; s, slip; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind or, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch s, chain stitch; p, picot; s st, shell stitch; ch st, chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; e t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

LEAF LACE—Cast on 12 stitches. 1st row—s 1—k 1—o—n—p 1—k 4—o—n—o—k 1; 2d row—o—purl to end of row; 3d row—s 2—k 1—o—n—p 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n 3; 4th, 6th, 8th and 10th rows the same as second; 5th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—n—o—k 5; 7th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—p 1—n—o—n—o—k 7—(16 stitches;) 9th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—n—o—n—o—k 9—(17 stitches;) 11th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—k 3—s 1—k 1—pass slip stitch over—p 1—n—k 3—(17 stitches;) 12th row—purl to end of row and drop the purl edge; 13th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 2—s 1—k 1—pass slip stitch over—p 1—n—s 2—(16 stitches;) 14th, 16th and 18th rows—same as 12th row; 15th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—k 1—s 1—k 1—pass slip stitch over—p 1—n—k 1—(15 stitches;) 17th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—s 1—k 1—pass slip stitch over—p 1—n—(14 stitches;) 19th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 5—o—n—s 1—1—pass slip stitch over; 20th row—purl to end of row. Repeat from 1st row.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Oregon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIRST OR THE SEVENTH.—The editor of the HOUSEHOLD has received a number of letters objecting to her reply to the question regarding the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. Not desiring to enter into any controversy upon a subject which she feels is of small importance, so long as one day is kept, she made her answer then as brief as possible, without entering into particulars. The idea intended to be conveyed was that the seventh day was the Sabbath under the old dispensation; the first day, under the new.

A few more words of explanation, and then the subject will be dropped from the HOUSEHOLD page: The early Christians, from the time immediately following Christ's ascension, made it a custom to meet on the first day of the week, in honor of the Saviour's resurrection on that day. This custom spread with the growth of Christianity, and Sunday thus became a holiday among all Christians save a very small sect of Jewish Christians, called Nazarenes, who insisted that the law of Moses, (including of course the observance of the Sabbath, or seventh day) was incumbent on all Christians. They became extinct in the second century. The idea of keeping Sunday as a holy day, or a Sabbath, instead of merely a day for general worship, gradually came up, and became the practice among the Christians everywhere, including the Coptic church, the Marmite Christians, and the Greek church, as well as the Roman church. The idea of returning to the Jewish Sabbath, and observing the seventh day, arose only about a century ago. The Christians of all sects—Protestants, Roman Catholics, the Greek and other eastern churches—are a substantial unit in declaring that the observance of the particular seventh day is entirely immaterial, and that one-seventh of our time is simply to be kept holy. One of two things must be true: Either the observance of the seventh day is absolutely obligatory, or it is not. If it is, to fail to do it damns all Christians from the days of the Saviour until now, with very few exceptions; if it is not, then the point is not worth quarreling about. It is certainly presumptuous for any one at this late day to question the universal usage of the Christians who had seen Christ in the flesh, in abandoning the Jewish Sabbath.—ED.

In answer to various questions in regard to Christian science, a teacher of the faith gives the following, which refers to the passages in the Bible, proving the position taken by its adherents. The inquirers can look them up at their leisure:—ED.

WHAT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE TEACHES.—Concerning:

1st—God. God is All in All (Jer. 23: 26, Deut. 4: 39, Eph. 4: 6); God is Supreme Being (Ex. 3: 14); Life (John 11: 25 and 17: 3); Love (1 John 4: 8); Truth (1 John 5: 6); Substance (Eph. 1: 29, Rom. 11: 36); Intelligence (Prov. 8: 1-14). This selfsame God is our Helper (Ps. 54: 4); He pities us (Ps. 103: 13); He has mercy upon us, and guards every event of our careers (Ps. 136, Isa. 58: 11); He is near to them who adore Him (Ps. 145: 18; to understand Him, without a single taint of our mortal, finite sense of sin, sickness or death is to approach Him and become like Him (Job 22: 21).

2d—Christ; Jesus Christ was God manifest in the flesh (Jno. 1: 1-3, 14); Christ came to save sinners (1 Tim. 1: 15); the atonement of Christ reconciles man to God, not God to man (2 Cor. 5; Rom 5-10, Co!. 1; 20, 21 and 22); Jesus is the mediator uniting God and man (1 Tim. 2-5; Heb. 9: 15); he took upon himself flesh to prove the power of spirit over the flesh, to show that truth is made manifest upon the human body and mind, healing sickness and sin (John 8: 32-36; Rom, 8: 2); he has a two-fold appearing, as a man and as God, "for life was manisested and we have seen it and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us" (1 John 1; 2).

3d—Sin. The sinner has no refuge from sin except in God, who is his salvation (Ps. 139: 1-10, Ps. 110: 14, Is. 12: 2); sin is thought before it is acted. Jesus declared that to look with desire upon forbidden objects is to break a small precept (Matt. 5: 21-22-27-28, I. John 3: 15); sin brings death; it is the only element of destruction (Rom. 6: 23 and 5, 12). Christian science commands man to master evil propensities, to hold hatred in abeyance, conquer revenge with charity, overcome deceit with honesty. These errors are conspirators against health, happiness and success. To be every whit whole, man must be better spiritually as well as physically. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap (Gal. 6: 7)

4th—Sickness. Sickness is inharmony. To admit that sickness is a condition over which God has no control presupposes that omnipotant power is on some occasions null and void (Is. 59: 5; Matt. 28: 18). Instead of God sending sickness He destroyed it (1 John, 8: 8; Rev. 21: 4; Ps. 103: 3). Our Master cast out devils and treated the sick. It should be said of his followers that they cast evil out of themselves and others and heal the sick. "He that believes on the works that I do shall ye do also (John, 14: 12). The above statements are taken from "Science and Health" and "Unity of God," by Mary B. G. Eddy.—SCIENTIST.

MORE ABOUT DRESSING THE BABY.—I have never written to this or any other paper before, but a letter in THE BLADE of February 7 has decided me to try my hand, for I do think it an imposition on helpless babyhood to use the clothes recommended by Mrs. Mason. From her letter I infer she is a young mother, and as I am also, I want to help her and all other mothers to properly clothe their little ones. If I say at once that my baby is fourteen months old and has had but one day's sickness in his life, and that just after he was weaned, it may give some more confidence in my method of dressing babies. In the first place, don't bundle the dear little midgets till they can't breathe. It is not necessary to keep them wrapped in a shawl while in bed. Keep the shawl to throw around them when they are taken up, and thus prevent colds. Don't keep the heads covered either, as the sooner baby becomes accustomed to his new world, the better for him.

For the first two weeks baby should wear nothing but a knit band, napkin and quilted cheese-cloth wrapper. Never use anything but bands knit of best saxony (Lion and Utopia brand) as they can not be pinned too tight by an ignorant nurse. They should be comfortably loose always. Use large steel needles and cast on 43 stitches. Knit eight inches long (plain garter stitch) then cast on fourteen more stitches and knit until the fourteen extras make a little square to which the napkin is pinned, thus holding the cloth over the navel in place. After making the square, bind off the extra stitches and knit the remaining 43, eight inches long.

Use bird's eye cotton for the napkins and have at least six dozen. Get the 18-inch width for them and make equicares and each piece makes about eighteen, I believe. One square is all that will be required for a good many months and the less bent around baby's kidneys, the better. After four or five months two can be used when necessary. Now for the wrapper, which does service as a night-dress if the baby comes in the autumn or winter. Take a piece of fine, soft cheese cloth, and cut a sack wrapper double. Between the layers of cloth put one of cotton batting. Batting will not wash into bunches if quilted or tied. Quilt and simply turn the edges in smoothly, around bottom neck and sleeves. Turn seams into the right side and felt. At least five of these will be needed and six is better. If an accident happens, these wrappers can be boiled, so they are preferable to flannel, I think. As one dressing in twenty-four hours is all that is necessary, baby can be spared the ordeal of so much turning and fussing.

I kept my baby dressed thus for over two weeks, and found it very satisfactory. Wash all these clothes (the napkins several times), before using. Some may not know a good way to wash flannels, hands, socks, etc., so I want to tell them. Make a good suds, quite warm, into which put a little ammonia and pinch of borax. Rinse in water prepared the same way, with a little blueing if desired, being sure to have the temperature the same for both waters. Wring with a wringer, dry quickly, and your flannels will always be soft.—THE BABIES FRIEND.

This article will be concluded next week—ED.

INQUIRIES.

Will New Comer please explain through THE BLADE how she makes her "own lemon extract," which she thinks "is preferable to what we buy?" MRS. L. E. B.

Will some kind sister tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD if "decorative embroidery" is suitable for felt table covers? Will some one send a small sample? Will pay postage. I do not fully understand directions. Is tobacco smoke for earache injurious to the drum? Would thank "Mollie" for directions for spider web tidy. MRS. IDA A. COLLINS, Nettleton, Creaghead county, Ark.

Will some member of the HOME DEPARTMENT tell me how to operate a rug machine (Ross patent.) Please give directions from beginning to end.

BETSEY JANE.

Will some one give directions for coloring a drab straw hat black or brown?

MATTIE.

Will Mrs. H., Elkhorn Grove, Ill., please send me her address? I would like to correspond with her. Can tell how to gain a good living with a very small capital.—MRS. M. A. W., Lock Box 35, Emmetsburg, Iowa.

Can any one tell me through THE BLADE whether there are any good chances for girls to teach school in the Southern states? What are the qualifications required, and what salary paid? I prefer not having my name published.—SARAH A. DAVIS.

If any readers of THE BLADE will send postage I have newspapers and magazines which will be sent to all who apply until the supply is exhausted. Address Lock Box 200, Bryan, O.

Will some of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me where I can get a reed for weaving carpet? Please reply as soon as possible.—A WEAVER.

Will "Montana May" please tell me where I can sell the pressed ferns? Ferns are abundant here and ways for a girl to earn money are scarce.—A READER, Mo.

Do any of the HOUSEHOLD readers know what will set the diamond dyes so they will not fade? They are so much easier to use than anything else, but they fade so badly. I want to color carpet rags.—MRS. R. B. RAY, Almena, Norton county, Kans.

The other inquiry could not be inserted as it was in the nature of an exchange.—ED.

Would some one give me some remedy that would take the pimples off of the face, and also something to curl hair, and how much it would cost?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Can any one inform me of a poor orphan boy between 10 and 14 years of age who would like to make his home with a family of three; said boy to be of a good disposition, energetic and an inclination for farming, one that does not use tobacco, nor drink whisky, and a square Republican. Such a boy I will insure to be treated with kindness, and as one of the family.—D. W. HIATT, Lefforduille, Ohase county, Kans.

MRS. A. H. Sandborn, St. George, Kansas, who is unable to buy reading matter, would be very grateful if some could be sent to her, including "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred." Also, any works of Louisa M. Alcott.—ED.

I have a small garden which contains currants, gooseberries, raspberries and grapes. Will some reader of THE BLADE who is skilled in the culture of these fruits tell me how to treat them, so that I may have a good crop this year.—MAMIE YOUNG, Audobon county, Iowa.

Will some one tell me what will be the most popular dress trimming for this spring? If the HOUSEHOLD wishes, I will send directions for a very pretty cuff and collar-box, suitable for either lady or gentleman, and a very nice present to either.—NEBRASKA NELL.

I would like to ask through the HOUSEHOLD, if the lady sending a description of her home, in THE BLADE of March 14 over the signature of "An Old Maid Claim Holder" will please send her address to Box 642, Baroboo, Wis.

Will A. F. Brewer, Buckingham, Va., send me the method for teaching music, if I send him a self-addressed, stamped envelope? Will be very thankful.—NEBRASKA NELL, Geneva, Neb.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

M. R., Fayette, Wash. Ter. We do not know the name of any dealer in spruce, hemlock, pine, etc. It would be better to apply for such information to some dealer in fancy work goods.—ED.

"Betty Jane," in the mixture you speak of there can be hardly enough glycerine to disturb you, yet that can be left out and it will still be good. Warm water will do in the morning without the soap.—ED.

Am a new subscriber to THE BLADE and have been told that last year there was a series of articles upon painting with diamond dyes. As you doubtless have a great many new subscribers who would be glad of direction for cheap painting, could not some one tell us something about it?—WILD ROSE.

If any one will write directions in small compass, they may be repeated in THE HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Will you please tell me who the first woman you wrote about in your series on eminent women was, and oblige—A READER?

Miss Frances E. Willard, the president of the National Christian Temperance Union. —ED.

H. E., Clyde, O.: Many thanks for the cat which will not die or run away." "Dixie" will most assuredly be a comfort. —ED.

Mrs. T. W. M., Holyoke, Mass.: The editor is very grateful for your kind words and Easter greetings, and did time permit would gladly write of her gratitude personally.—ED.

If those who suffer with piles, even the worst kinds, will try washing every night with water as hot as can be borne, using best glycerine soap, soft cloths and gentle treatment, and then dust the parts with a powder made of two parts best corn starch, one part powdered sulphur (best in double flannel bag), they will be surprised at results.—ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

Nellie: The desired address is Fergus Falls, Minn.—MRS. A. BENDER.

Montana May: I was in the South three years and am very familiar with the orange. The branches and thorns are green, and underside of leaves light. The unripe fruit is a yellowish green at a certain stage of ripeness, but it is not uniform. They generally present an appearance of green and bright yellow combined on each orange.—MRS. MINNIE EVANS.

To the lady who wishes to invest her $200, I would say I think confectionery gives the largest returns with least risk; would also keep small stock of French harps, violin strings, and perhaps paper, pens and pencils. The writer was left in a like condition years since. If Mrs. H. will send her address to the address below will give all the information I can about the cost of stock, and what I found most salable and profitable.—MRS. E. M. D., Box 367 Council Grove, Kas.

To prepare pine or spruce needles for pillows, clip off the ends of the twigs in spruce or fir and pull off the needles in the pine. Put into pillows and cover. An inexpensive cover can be made of satine, with a motto in outline, such as "Give me of thy breath, O fir tree," "Sweet breath of summer woods," with about a branch of the tree in outline. A cord can be made of twisted yarn, tied at the corner with small pine or fir cones bronzed in different colors.

The lady who asked about painting upon wash fabrics can get the medium by ordering through any dealer in art goods. Ask for the "indelible process medium." However, I find that to mix the color with turpentine and paint directly upon the fabric answers quite as well. Paint thinly and outline with burnt sienna.—MONTANA MAY.

AN EVERGREEN TEA.

A. B. H. One of the prettiest entertainments for home or church is an evergreen tea. As the name implies the tables and rooms are decorated with evergreens. In places where the latter cannot be had, green leaves of any kind will do. The young ladies who serve are all dressed in white, with twigs or leaves formed into a wide border at the bottom of their skirts, narrow ones at the neck and wrists, and tiny branches at the waist and in the hair. The table cloths are white with borders sewed on all around of evergreen or leaves. In the center of the table is a green mat of twigs and on this is placed a high cake stand, with a cake having a bouquet in the center and a wreath of green around it. Upon this mat is also placed the cream pitcher, sugar bowl and spoon holder. There should be as much green decorations a possible in the room or rooms.

MENU.

Sandwiches. Cucumber pickles.
Rolls. Lettuce with cream dressing.
Ice Cream. Fairy cakes. Salted Almonds.
Tea. Lemonade.

The sandwiches are served from plates wreathed with green. Fairy cakes are made of any delicate cake dough baked into small round pots. These are iced and a small hole made in the center and a little icing filled into it; before it dries put a tiny green sprig into it. Serve piled in a cake basket with notched green tissue paper under them.

Salted Almonds—Carefully crack the nuts so as not to break the kernels. Place them in boiling water so as to loosen the skins, which remove. Have ready a pan of fine salt and place the wet, warm nuts in. Set away until the next day. Remove the nuts into a dry pan, shaking off the loose salt, but not removing what adheres to them. Place in an oven to brown, but watch them constantly and stir often, when a light color remove. Place in fancy dishes and serve with a shell-shaped spoon. If strawberries are served place green leaves under them.

A floral tea is much the same only flowers are everywhere. Generally each table represents a different flower, and this one variety is used for its decorations.—MONTANA MAY.

The editor would like correspondent's address for her own use.

RECIPES.

SPICED HASH.—Place in chopping bowl rather more than 1 lb. sliced cold meat and an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes. Salt and black pepper to taste. Add a dash of cayenne, a saltspoonful of mace or nutmeg and a heaping tenspoonful of dry mustard. Chop fine, and turn into a frying pan, in which 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of good dripping has been made. Add enough hot water to make a moderately thin paste. Let cook 10 minutes at least, stirring to prevent scorch. Then set where it will have a more moderate heat, and let it get brown and crisp on under side. Tip the pan to one side, slip a knife under the top edge, and as it rolls over, turn out on a dish, and you will have a crisp brown roll that will repay trouble. If onion is liked with this dish serve it sliced raw. The flavor is better.—JEAN.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Take 1 qt. of bread dough when light, work in a tablespoonful sweet lard, 1 teacupful white sugar, 1 teacupful cinnamon. Roll out to ½ inch thick. Cut in rounds, rings, etc. Let stand a couple hours to rise. Fry in hot lard.—JEANIE.

LIGHT CORN PONE.—I have a scoop that holds a pint. I take six scoops of sifted meal to which is added 2 tablespoonfuls of salt, ½ tablespoonful of soda, I scald half or a little more of the meal, then add and mix the remainder with cold water until it is just a little stiffer than for egg corn bread. I add 1 scoop of flour, stir well and let it rise a few hours, then bake in a moderately hot oven. If the bread crumbles too much when you cut it, you can add more flour the next time.—MARIA A. WILSON.

TO MAKE SWEET PICKLES.—To 12 lbs. of fruit put 6 lbs. of sugar and 1 qt. of cider vinegar and cinnamon to suit taste. Let the fruit boil in above until soft, take out, put carefully on dish; let the syrup boil down, then put on fruit again and boil a few minutes. Fill jars and seal with tissue paper dipped in white of egg.—MRS. BUCKLEY.

YELLOW PICKLES.—Get the hardest heads of cabbage you can find and cut them into quarters. Put them in a kettle, and sprinkle over them a little salt; set over the fire and let simmer till tender. Then take them out of the water and let them soak until the next day. Take as much vinegar as will cover them, 1 tablespoonful of turmeric (tie it in a cloth), and scald them. Let them stand in it a day; then take them out and let them drain. Now put them in a stone jar, and pour boiling water over them in which 23 ounces of sugar has been dissolved; add mustard and celery seed, with spices to your taste. Be careful not to cook the cabbage too much or they will come to pieces. This is for one peck of pickles. A READER.

EGGS A LA CREME.—Six eggs, ½ pint of cream, salt and pepper to taste; beat the cream to boiling in a shallow pudding dish, break the eggs into it and bake covered in a moderate oven ten minutes, or until the eggs are "set." Dust over with pepper and salt and send to table.—CELERY.

KEDGEREE.—Remove all the bones from some cold boiled fish, and flake it into small pieces; mix with it about half the quantity of cold boiled rice, a couple of hard-boiled eggs cut up, and a few pieces of cold potato. Put the mixture in a small saucepan with a lump of butter, a little pepper and salt and a well-beaten egg. Stir it over the fire till quite hot.—MARY.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BLUFFTON, MICH.
Charles Payne
John Carlson
Conrad Nelson
George Thompson
Delor Campbell
Arthur C Thompson
J Herman Lindstrom
Harry White
Willie D Hogea
Mamie Briard
Julia A Carrier
Bertha Marlett
Lillie E Larkin
Ira Larkin
Harvey Larkin
Minnie Larkin
Olive Carrier
Christina Carlson
Clara M Lindstrom
Jennie M Rector
Repa F Hubbard
Maude Snyder
Peter Campbell
Grace Erwen
KNOXVILLE, W. VA.
Charlie Livingston
Laura Logston
Linda Allen
Alice Robinson
William Blair
Nelson Lilly
Blanche Livingston
Fergus Jones
Ida Logston
Nellie Robinson
Mattie Robinson
Frank Logston
Lee Wetzel
Lora Conner
Henry Crow
W S Keyser
S B Blair
Thaddeus Crow
Dora Allen
Martin Robinson
J W Logston
Susie Crow
Ida Games
Ona Conner
Guy Groves
Ira Livingston
MARSHFIELD, PA.
Erwin J Vermilyea
NAPOLEON, MICH.
Fred G Jones
WHITE'S VALLEY, PA.
Rena Fane Rood
Reed Walden Rood
Judson R Rood
Ray Oliver
HILLHAM, IND.
Charity Clapp
Oliver N Clapp
NO PLACE GIVEN.
Mollie Stockler
Nannie Stockler
Tina Stockler
Rossie Stockler
JINGO, KAS.
Maity Whaley
Hattie Whaley
Zillah Whaley
Grace Whaley
Frank Whaley
Maggie Jurgens
Frank Jurgens
Edward Allen
Clarence Allen
Clara Allen
J W Sage
Walter Sage
Lillie Sage
Eddie Johnston
Etta Johnston
Alfred Jelly
James Moore
Orrin Griffin
Livonia Sims
Stella Oliver
Luther Norton

Names this week, 83. Total 26,175.

The above embraces all names received up to April 4.

For THE BLADE Young Folks.

OUR DAMMA.

BY MAMMA.

Dear one, listen unto me,
A story I would tell to thee.

'Tis of a little maid so fair,
With lovely, shining, soft brown hair.

Rosy lips, and mouth so sweet,
Always did our kisses greet.

Eyes so blue, and hands so fair;
Tiny feet flying here and there.

'Twas not her lovely hair I ween,
That made her of our hearts the queen.

'Twas not her violet eyes so bright,
That made her of our home the light.

Not the rosy lips upturned,
With eager questions, yet unlearned.

No, ah no!—not these alone,
Make us miss her so at home.

But her precious winning ways,
Given, without asking praise.

And her heart, so loving, true,
Ne'er would pain or injure you.

Stella, bright star, treasure rare,
Jesus took our darling fair.

She now lives with him above,
In that Home of peace and love,

May she be to us a light,
Guiding up to Home so bright.

FATHER PLAYS BASEBALL,

BY WM. J. HENDERSON.

"ONE ball!"

That was what the umpire said. The umpire was blessed with fluffy blond hair that streamed in a golden shower from under a knowing little cap of blue and white flannel. The umpire costume was of white flannel, trimmed with blue, cut without any bias, as an umpire's costume should be, and altogether about as neat a thing as ever was seen on the ball field. The umpire's eyes were as blue as the sunny skies of Italy, and there was a pair of peachy pink cheeks under the eyes, and a delicate little nose, piquantly celestial in its inclination; strawberry lips, and teeth whiter than the cover of a brand new ball. And there wasn't a man in the game who would have disputed the umpire's decision for any honor known to the glorious national game. There wasn't one of them who wasn't glad to get out just to hear the delicious ripple of that musical voice as it said:

"Striker out!"

And why was all this? Sir Walter Scott remarks in "Kenilworth": "All for a little pink and white—and so falls ambition." The umpire's name was Eulalie, and what Eulalie did not know about the League rules was what had not been written. The boys—they were college boys and called themselves men, stirring by frequent use of the razor to make good their claim to the lordly title—the boys all swore by her. And even when just a few of them went out for a practice game of "one, two, three," they would have their fair umpire out to see the thing done properly. Once Harry had sent in a hot out curve and hit the umpire, and the young pitcher came pretty near being mobbed right then and there. But the umpire calmly stooped, picked up the ball, and threw it back to the pitcher, saying:

"One ball."

And then the boys all cheered the umpire and vowed that she was as plucky as she was beautiful, and they would all have fallen down and worshipped her immediately had they not known that she could be as severely satirical to worshippers as she was plucky. Pretty soon Father came out in his comfortable white flannels, and lying down in the shade, watched the game. Father was a fine specimen of manhood, and though he was in his fiftieth year he could play a fine game of tennis, kill twenty-eight out of thirty birds at the trap every day, and chase the wild antelope or bag over the stiffest country known to the Dusenbury County Hunt.

"I say, you boys," called Father, "what kind of a game is this you're playing?"

"Baseball, of course," replied Johnny, with an indescribable sneer at his sire's ignorance.

Johnny was only fourteen and he knew it all. He was sure he could pitch better than Harry, who was twenty and on the Varsity nine, and catch all around George, who was nineteen, a Freshman, and one of the best all-around players in the college.

"Baseball, eh?" said Father. "Well, you don't play it as we used to twenty-five years ago."

"Well, I should hope not," was the reply.

"Say, Pop," call Frankie, who was standing like patience on a monument on first base. "why don't you pull off your coat and take a hack at it?"

"You irreverent young beggar," responded "Pop," half laughing, "I'll come over there and take a hack at you."

"No, no," was the general chorus; "come and play."

"Come, Father," said the umpire; "now's your time to show these boys what a man knows about baseball."

The covert taunt of the beautiful wretch was too much for Father. He arose and pulled off his coat, and strode into the field.

"Here, Pop," cried Albert, "take my place at short, and then you'll soon get up to pitcher."

Father accepted the generous offer, and braced himself to gether in the wayward grounder. Peter was at the bat, and he gazed upon Father with an evil eye. Harry sent in a "corker," and Peter got one strike.

"What makes you pitch so hard, Harry?" said Father; "he can't hit it."

"Don't wan't him to," said Harry; "what do you suppose I'm pitching for but to get him out?"

"Oh, he must hit it," said Father, impatiently; "that's no way to play. Why, I remember when the Snowbegans beat the Jeremiahs 97 to 42. That was a game for you—none of your 1 to 0 business in those days."

"See here, Father," asked Johnny, "when the men chased one another around the basses that way, how could you tell the difference between a game of ball and a six days' go-as-you-please?"

The roar of laughter silenced Father, who contented himself with shaking his fist at Johnny. Just then Peter got on right where he wanted it, and he hit the grounder to Father. The veteran stooped down and gathered it in in great shape, while the boys cheered and applauded.

"Now we've got him, Pop! Let her come hot," screamed Frankie, dancing a wild can-can on first.

But Father had his eye on Peter, who was running towards first, and with all the accuracy of a crack wing shot he let the ball drive and caught the unhappy Peter on the small ribs just as he was nearing the base. The general clamor which followed astounded Father.

"What are you doing? Who are you hitting? What sort of a way is that?"

"Not out!" shouted the umpire's silvery voice, as Peter sat down on first base and searched the heavens for his lost breath.

"Not out? What do you mean?" said Father. The situation was explained to him, and the nature of the new rule made plain, Father was disappointed. He wanted to hit some one. That was the way he used to play. But he resigned himself to his fate. The game proceeded, and Father soon found himself on first base, and while the irreverent Johnny was at short. Then the batsman hit to Johnny, and that nimble youth "scooped in" the ball and hurled it to first. But Father had by this time rambled back into the past and was expecting to see Johnny "peg" the man running to first. The result was that the ball struck Father fairly just above the belt and doubled him up like a two-foot rule.

Johnny looked rather white, while the umpire rushed to first base with a great fluttering of white flannels, and kneeling beside her prostrate sire, murmured:

"Are you hurt, papa, darling?"

Father sat up and rubbed his eyes, gasped a few times, and then said:

"See here, I thought it was against the rules to hit a man."

There was another series of explanations and then the game went on. And then some one hit a high foul to Father. He danced merrily out and got well under the ball, and the boys all got ready to yell, "good catch." But it didn't work. The ball hit Father on the end of his finger, and going right through his hands landed on his nose. Again there was confusion, and the umpire, just a trifle tremulous about the lips, whispered:

"Papa, dear, don't play any more, please."

"Not play any more?" What do you mean?" said Father, bristling up and wiping his face bravely. "I haven't got into my old form yet."

And so Father was pitcher. Then those cruel boys commenced to whack three-baggers all over the field until their sire was well-nigh worn out with his exertions. Fortunately some one went out on a fly and Father limped back to be catcher. They called him catcher, but he did not catch anything except one foul tip, and he caught

Talmage's Sermon.

SERMON BY DE WITT TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine Preaches in St. Louis on the Dangers Awaiting Young Men in Large Cities—Their Safeguards.

ST. LOUIS, April 7.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached here this evening to a vast audience. His subject was "The Slaughter," and his text, Proverbs vii, 22: "As an ox to the slaughter." The eloquent preacher said:

There is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture field of clover, where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxurience; but after awhile the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars and into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with a well-aimed stroke the ax fells him; and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisiacal enjoyment; but after awhile influences with darker hue and swarthier arms close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

1. We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the belief, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it; nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

The Miseries of Getting in Debt

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man in the house but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money. Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that is well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

"Neither a Borrower Nor a Lender Be."

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes.

There is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the dead letter office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders, and that it is possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets slipping on an orange peel. In other words, there are no accidents. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Head the right way, young man, and you will come out at the right goal.

Bring a young man and tell me what his physical health is, and what his mental caliber, and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world, and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make five inaccurate prophecies out of the five hundred. All this makes me solicitous in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts. I give you a paragraph from my own experience.

Dr. Talmage Has been There Himself.

My first settlement as pastor was in a village. My salary was $800 and a parsonage. The amount seemed enormous to me. I said to myself, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it; nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

I, But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you take him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now if you want to destroy the young man's morals take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib—then you will caricature eccentric Christians or inconsistent Christians, then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, and as sin. Now you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of the earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A Loss That Cannot be Replaced.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking 50 gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than to come to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible, which has been the crutch, and medicine, and food, and eternal home of so many! What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into! This splitting up of life-boats, and taking away of fire escapes, and extinguishing of light houses.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person in the house but is interested in that question. Young man, arm yourself. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defense. Wait not for Young Men's Christian associations to protect you, or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

The Remedy.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding house, or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging, care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Let not the dissipator or unclean step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face, and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it and you can play on one, have an instrument of music—harp or flute, or cornet, or melodeon, or violin, or piano. Every morning before you leave that room, pray. Every night after you come home in that room, pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sebastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

Ah! when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking and right believing and right acting will take you in safely through this life and in transport through the next.

Take the Right Road and Keep to It.

The echo, that is, of multitudes in the house. I am not preaching an abstraction, but a great reality. Oh! friendless young man, Oh! prodigal young man, Oh! broken hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend you to Christ this day, the best friend a man ever had. He meets you this morning. You have come here for this blessing. Despise not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift contrite heart to your father's God, to your mother's God, and get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road, and this is the right road, and that is the wrong road, and I see you start on the right road.

One Sabbath morning, at the close of my service, I saw a gold watch of the world renowned and deeply lamented violinist, Ole Bull. You remember he died in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had wound up day after day through his last illness, and then he said to his companion, "Now I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it gets to my friend Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his young son, my especial favorite."

A Sure Reward.

The great musician, who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the main land. There were 50,000 of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheater of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak, the 50,000 people on the hillsides burst into tears.

Oh! that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that will be a fairer scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the one hundred and forty and four thousand shall unite with Christ in crying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up handed to their children until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Contagious Pneumo-Enteritis in Hogs.

C. P. E., Willis, Kansas: You pretty clearly describe a disease in hogs known by the above appellation. It is a disease that communicates itself from one hog to another, where they are kept in herd or in pen. When once attacked a cure is uncertain. On the first symptoms the hog affected should be removed from the others, and if it dies, should be buried deeply in the ground, where the ground may never again be disturbed. The pen, as a precaution measure, should be cleaned up thoroughly and sprinkled freely with carbolic acid and water—an ounce of the former to a gallon of the latter. To keep the hogs that are well from attack, take for, say, 50 hogs, common salt, 2 lbs.; black antimony, flowers of sulphur, and sulphate of iron, of each 1 lb.; wood ashes, unleached, half a peck. Mix thoroughly and put in a trough, where the hogs may eat it at will. A hog even in the early stages may be cured by giving it freely of the above. Another remedy is: Sulphate of iron, 1 lb.; soft soap, 1 gallon. Boil with several gallons of water. This for 50 hogs, in addition. As they come to the trough for feed, add about 2 lbs. of soda to the slop, foaming, as they drink it. Feed both well and sick hogs with turnips; and if these cannot be had, feed potatoes or other roots. Give no corn while the disease is in the district. In addition to medicine inwardly, a good thing is to take of sulphate of iron, half a pound; water, 2½ gallons. Apply with a sponge to the skin with a sponge. Be careful not to let the hog get chilled. Every man who raises hogs should have soft coal on hand, of which the hogs may eat.

Swelled Bag and Small Boils on Same in Mare.

L. A. J., McMinnville, Tennessee: For the above named trouble, foment the bag with warm water until the inflammation is lowered. If the sores on the bag are all on the surface prick the head of each in which there is pus, and wash the bag with carbolic acid, 2 drachms; water, 1 pint; mix well. Do this every time you foment, it must be reached and the part injected with the above. Wash for three or four days. Then take of extract of belledonna, ½ oz.; gum camphor, ½ oz.; vaseline, 2 ozs. Rub the udder with this, giving gentle friction with the hand. Apply this several times all over the udder. Give a teaspoonful of saltpetre in a bran mash morning and evening, for about five days. If the bowels are constipated give a pint of linseed oil. It will be proper to apply the carbolic acid and water until the sores on the udder have a healthy look.

Colt Getting Poor and Legs Swell.

J. H. H., Westport, Dakota: Stop at once giving your yearling colt condition powders. We cannot too urgently caution those who own horses against giving condition powders. An animal may have a disease that may be readily cured by giving proper medicine; but to give it condition powders may aggravate the ailment beyond cure. Have you examined your colt carefully for lice? If not, look for them, and if found, use any of the formulas for killing lice recently given in this department. Give the colt 5 ozs. raw linseed oil. After this has operated give in a bran mash twice a day for four days, ½ teaspoonful of saltpeter. After this, take of citrate of iron and magnesia 3 drs. Powder it, and make into 12 powders. Give one of these twice a day in drinking water or on a mash. Watch the feces and see if any worms, large or small, pass from the colt. If so advise us.

Sore on Horse's Shoulder.

C. M. B., Kimball, Neb.: How does the sore look? Has it simply a raw look, without a leathery appearance in the center, or an inflamed ring around the whitish central patch? If so, mix an ounce of sulphur with his feed once a day, for four days. In the evening wash the part with soap and water, and afterward wash with carbolic acid 1 part, water 10 parts. Mix equal parts of wood ashes and fuller's earth, and after washing with the acid and water, sprinkle this on the part affected. In the morning, if you are working the animal, wash off the flour and fuller's earth, and wash the shoulder with salt and water. If you are not working the horse, go through the same process you did in the evening. A piece of soft linen may be laid around the collar so that it will cover the sore. There should be but one layer of this. The linen should be cleaned every day. See that the collar fits perfectly. If you can spare the animal from work the cure will be rapid, if the sore is a simple chafe. If otherwise, you should consult us. Some horses have very tender shoulders. In such cases they should be washed night and morning with salt and water. The collar should be eased from the shoulder frequently during the day.

Itchy Legs in Mare—Hair Looks as if Sheared Off.

W. L. F., Wheatland, Dak.: To cure the itchiness and soreness on your mare's legs, first rub the parts with sweet oil or unsalted lard. Let this remain on for two or three hours, and then wash off with pretty strong soapsuds water. Dry the legs well, and then apply: Powdered stavesacre seed, 2 ounces; oil of origanum, ⅝ ounce; either cacao butter or vaseline, 4 ounces. Melt the stavesacre and butter (or vaseline) over a half cold fire—only sufficient heat to keep the butter just liquid and no more. Stir constantly for two hours. Pour into a bowl and stir in the origanum when nearly cold. Apply this every night, and wash off in the morning with hot water and soft soap. Continue this for five or six days, omit for a week and re-apply. Do not let any of the matter washed from the legs touch your hands, nor should you use the currycomb or harness of the horse on any other animal. Give the animal a light physic previous to beginning other treatment.

Chicken Cholera.

J. R. A., Moorefield, Nebraska: We have had considerable experience with pure blood poultry, and have never lost but one bird with cholera, simply because it was the only genuine case of cholera that has ever been among them. We removed the fowl from the others at once. It died, as we expected, no medicine having the desired effect. We believe a genuine case of cholera takes the bird off in nearly every case. You will, therefore, see the necessity for preventive measures and prompt action when a bird is taken down with cholera. It would be well for you, if possible, to move your chicken house to a new locality at once, if possible. If the floor of poultry house is damp, take measures to make it dry. Clean up the floor, if of dirt, and sprinkle it with carbolic acid and water—an ounce of the former to a gallon of the latter. Also sprinkle the sides of the coop. The sprinkling must be done thoroughly. Your perches should not be more than seven inches high, made very simply with strips supported by blocks of boards, to which they should be nailed. These perches may be lifted and set at the side of the coop every morning, and the droppings removed. The part of the house under the perches should be hard, so that the droppings will not sink into the ground. If you wish to clean your house but twice a week, scatter road dust over the hard ground under the perches. When you remove this dirt and droppings put in a barrel. They make, when well mixed, the very best kind of manure for garden or field. Severe cases of diarrhea are frequently mistaken for cholera, for it is really as bad, if medicine is not given at once. Even very bad cases of diarrhea yield to treatment. If not attended to it will sometimes run through an entire flock carrying most of them off. As soon as a fowl gets sick, separate it from the rest of the flock, and put it in a comfortable place. Then give it the following: Chalk, 5 grains; rhubarb, 5 grains; cayenne pepper, 3 grains; opium, ½ grain. Repeat this every two hours. Make the above into a pill and put it down the fowl's throat. Feed the fowl rice boiled in milk. So soon as the diarrhea is checked stop the medicine. Never give your fowls any water that is not fresh. As a preventive of disease, if the droppings show laxity, feed on grain and put a teaspoonful of tincture of iron in a quart of water for them to drink. This they should have every day while there is a tendency to diarrhea. If fowls exhibit costiveness, feed on boiled potatoes, turnips, or cabbage mashed with bran or meal, while hot. Let the fowls have all the grass they will eat. A teaspoonful of the iron in water once a week to well fowls, is excellent.

What Will Prevent and Cure.

Mrs. F., South Omaha, Neb.: For a preventive and cure of "cholera" in fowls see answer to "J. R. A.," this number of THE BLADE. Omaha has a homelike sound to us, as it was our home during the years 1856-57.

J. G. Keeling (no state): Your horse, in the first place, was troubled with thrush, which, if we interpret your letter correctly, has run into canker. Thrush has two forms, local and constitutional. "Leggy, flat-chested are more subject to constitutional thrush than others, and it may attack more than one of the frogs. Local thrushes yield readily to remedies, but canker is at times difficult to manage. Local thrush never goes beyond the frog of one foot. Sometimes canker extends from the horny frog to the sensitive frog, and at times the navicular joint, involving the surrounding parts and causing much alteration and destruction of the structures affected. To treat the horse, first give 2½ drs. of aloes and 1 oz. bicarbonate of soda in 1 pt. of warm (not hot) water. After this, clean the stall well under the feet of the animal and poultice the affected foot with linseed meal poultice for 25 hours. Then clean the foot carefully and remove all excessive growth. Cleanse the frog by see-sawing a little tow or soft band through it. Then take of calomel, ½ oz.; sweet oil, 2 ozs. Saturate tow or lint with this and ram it down to the bottom of the cleft of the frog with a sharpened piece of wood, and over the other diseased parts. The whole should be covered with wood tar. Should the calomel stop the discharge suddenly, take out the packing, and place the foot in a hot poultice. Unless the leg swells and there is feverishness, the packing should be left in. If before treatment there is little or no discharge the poultice will cause it to discharge. Give internally half a drachm of nux vomica mixed in the feed, which should consist of green food, mashes, little hay and no corn, until the trouble is conquered.

Horse Stiff and Has a Cough.

D. M. H., Forest Home, Missouri:—A cough is a symptom of many and very diverse forms of disease. Therefore, not seeing the animal, we can only advise you in a general way. The formula given will relieve if not cure. Give no physic of any kind. Take of Fowler's solution of arsenic, 1 oz.; chlorate of potash, 1 oz.; extract of belladonna, 1 drachm. Make into a draught with water. This much every other day for a week. After that once a day for two weeks, stir a full tablespoonful of pine tar in a bucket of drinking water, and let the horse drink it. Do not water the horse warmer when he is warm or soon after being driven.

Osteo-Sarcoma.

S. B., Fargo, Kan.: We think that the enlargement on your colts' faces is osteo-sarcoma. Give each animal a full pint of raw linseed oil, in which there is stirred half an ounce of saltpetre. Take of mercurial ointment, 1 oz.; iodine ointment, 2 ozs. Mix well together and rub in well along the swollen part. Administer internally one-half tablespoonful of strammonium three times a week, in feed, as long as may seem necessary. Keep the colts in a dry, comfortable place. Feed no hay or corn fodder that is not of the best. Mouldy or ergoty feed causes the disease. We would advise you, if you are feeding corn fodder, to stop it. Give only feed that is strictly pure. Almost every case of this trouble is traceable to food that does not agree with the animal. When the nasal bones are first seen to swell, a good thing is to take a pint of blood, at intervals of two weeks, from the animal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Interesting Talk on Selection and Planting of Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see the corn subject is up for discussion, and if permitted, will give an account of a trial I have had with two different kinds of corn, the Kackberry and Lemming—the latter a long ear, small grain, and large cob; the former a short ear, small cob, long, wide, thin grain. I planted them together for three years, taking about three inches of the butt of the ear; then I planted the butt, the middle and the small end by themselves, one land of the butts, one of the small end and one of the middle, the butts on the east side, the tip of the ear on the west, and the middle of the ear in the middle of the field, all drilled in at the same time. The small end of the ear produced small ears and small grains, and about seven or eight days earlier than the middle, and the butt, about eight or ten days earlier than the corn from the middle of the ear. The middle of the ear produced large ears, but late, and large stalks. The butt produced larger ears and more of them, and less nubbins than any land in the field. I went through that land and picked my seed before it was cut up. I took all that would lay on a common wagon-box, and those that husked the whole field say that there was more corn in those eight rows than any others in the field.

Now I use the butt of the ear only and my corn is still improving. I now have a long ear, a long, wide, thick grain and small cob. It will produce more pounds of corn to the bushel of ears than any sort I have raised for twenty-five years.

"Interested," of Hebron, Nebraska, may find an answer to his question, or a partial answer. These are the facts, and I would like it some one more competent than I, would give the reasons for them. I tried the large, white 90-day corn that is selling at a high price. My corn is earlier, and out-weighs it. We have plenty of better corn in the Black Swamp than that is.—J. C. W., Le Moyne, Ohio.

Our Bread.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have gleaned much valuable information from THE BLADE FARM, having been in particular much interested in the articles on potato culture. Now, I confess, so far as potato farming goes, I am not a success. Will try some one of THE BLADE systems the present season.

The articles on listing are also quite interesting, although I think that it would be a complete failure in our locality, as our land is of very uneven quality, many farms not having a single field that is not partly clay and partly black soil, as it is called here, of a loamy nature. I have in years long past seen listing done here. We planted on the ridge, but as I understand the subject, our Kansas friends plant between the ridges. Am I right?

There is one subject that I would like to see discussed in your columns, and that is, the one of interest to every farmer—our bread supply. With us, wheat is not a very profitable crop at the best, and when our bad years come, and they are coming in close succession, we have a very small margin for profits. There has been a great cry over the sugar trust, and later, the dressed beef business, yet we have one as bad at our very doors. If we take a bushel of wheat to the mill the miller comes along with his tester and tests our wheat. If it is extra in quality and strictly clean it will test 60 lbs. Then he will weigh us out 36 lbs. of flour and 7 lbs. of stuff that he calls bran, making in all 43 lbs. That leaves him 17 lbs. for toll. Now is that a reasonable amount of toll? But, he says, we do not do custom or grist work, and that is our rate of exchange. Ought we to permit such wholesale robbery? A poor man rents a farm, and gives from two-fifths to one-half of the crop to the land owner, and is robbed of one-eighth of the remainder by his miller. Brother farmers, how are your millers serving you? The cold, dry weather of March has done a great amount of injury to our wheat. Oats nearly all sown, and some plowing done for corn.—TELLEY HAMMER, St. Mary's.

[The following figures are given by a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, based on a grist of spring wheat: Weight of wheat, 1,486 lbs.; flour, 952 lbs.; bran, 240 lbs.; screenings, 32 lbs.; middlings (cosnaille), 88 lbs.; toll, 148 lbs.; waste, 26 lbs.; total, 1,486 lbs. The miller has at times been given some pretty hard thrusts, although it is fair to say that as a rule they are fair dealing men. A man who had but little faith in his miller wrote the following:

"And there is the miller, he grinds for his toll,
And he ought to do right for the sake of his soul.
But still, there he goes with the dish in his fist,
He gives you the toll, and he keeps the grist."
—ED.]

Corn Planting in Texas.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am a resident of the state of Texas, have lived in it for a long time, and we always list our corn, as well as everything, almost, and I can say without hesitancy that listed stuff always does the best with us. Since the war we have had to do most of our own work. We always take the ground just as we find it, and then our listing begins. We have two ways of listing. One way is to take a big old breaker, the kind they use in the strip, put on five or six bronchos. Then put two or three boys on, and go through the middle of your field, and that makes a large furrow. Sometimes we go back to straighten it. Keep going till you get the whole field listed, and right behind have some more boys dropping corn, two kernels in a hill, one step apart. The simplest thing in the world.

Now the covering comes. Hitch your horses to a big cottonwood log; drag it right down the rows behind the boys, who are dropping, and the whole thing is complete. Sometimes we get from two to three tons to the acre, and once in a while we have some pretty good years for corn. Stock does finely on it. We do not have to feed them more than once a week. The buffalo grass is so good they will not come up after it. A good way is to take one of these old-fashioned single shovel plows, put it down to the beam, go right through first as you do with the breaker, only it makes a ridge on both sides, and cover just the same.—A. BULKINHAM, Guerlihw, Texas.

Hydraulic Ram.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will any of the BLADE readers who have had experience with hydraulic rams in conveying water, please say whether it is a satisfactory way to convey water? I wish to convey the water from a strong spring, 600 feet distant, an elevation of twenty feet.—E. L. YODER, Morrill, Kas.

A Good Lamb Record—In Favor of Protection.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—My son, with whom I live, has eight ewes that have produced fifteen nice, smart lambs, this spring. Who will beat this? With protection and a good grade of sheep, I believe sheep raising would be profitable. I go for protection.—J. J. MARTIN, Erieville, N. Y.

Making Cheese.

In answer to T. D., of Wyoming, who asked some reader of the BLADE FARM who has had experience to give full directions for making cheese from the time the cows are milked till finished, Mrs. Mary P. Arms, of Beckwith, Plumer county, Cal., sends the following, which was contributed by her to the *Pacific Rural Press*: "In response to your suggestion that I write for your columns the exact method by which my husband makes his cheese, I would say the milk is strained into the vat of the Union Dairyman at night. The animal heat is removed from the milk by putting four pails of water in the receiver which surrounds it. There is a light frame covered with mosquito bar put over the milk so that it may deodorize. When the morning's milk is brought into the dairy my husband tries to be present to attend to the straining of it himself, so that he can strain it all over the vat, and thereby beat down the cream which has risen on the night's milk. For some years he skimmed this cream off and warmed it sufficiently to mix it with the milk, but he now prefers to get the cream back into the milk by carefully straining the warm milk over it.

After the milk is all in the vat the water is drawn from the receiver and put into a copper tank at the end of the vat; a fire is then made in the furnace and the water heated. The hot water is then allowed to run under the milk, being regulated by a gate. The milk in this way is warmed to 86 degrees (a floating thermometer being kept in the milk). The rennet is then added and the vat covered with a cloth to retain the heat. Chris Hansen's rennet extract is greatly superior to home-made rennet. The amount used should be in proportion of four ounces to 1,000 pounds of milk. The milk should become sufficiently thick to be cut in from 40 to 45 minutes—a good test as to when to begin cutting being when it breaks clean over the finger.

My husband cuts the cheese twice with a perpendicular and twice with a horizontal cheese-knife, cutting alternately lengthwise and across the vat, a few minutes intervening between each cutting. He then manipulates with his hands, cutting any large pieces he may find with a common dinner knife. The curd must be handled with the utmost care to prevent any cream from escaping into the whey. He cooks the curd up to 98 deg., raising the heat gradually, and working it most of the time with his hands to prevent it from adhering to the bottom of the vat. In about four hours the whey is usually ready to draw off. He formerly used the hot-iron test, but has found that in the dry air of one of the high-altitude so much acid should not be allowed to accumulate.

The curd should be uniform in size, the pieces as large as a grain of corn. My husband draws the whey by means of a siphon and siphon-strainer, using also a hair sieve that the curd may all be saved. The quantity of whey should be about 900 pounds to 1,000 pounds milk. Curd mills do not seem to meet the needs of many small cheese factories.

Our cheese sink has not proved exactly what we want, but, by drawing the hot water from the receiver under the vat and putting in cold, the salting can be done in the vat, which is so much inclined that the whey all drains off. After the salt is thoroughly mixed with the curd (much care being necessary in handling it to prevent losing any of the cream) the cream is put into the cheese sacks by means of a curd scoop. The sacks are made the shape of the cheese hoops. They are put into the hoops to be filled, after which composition rings are laid around the edge of each sack of curd, followers are laid on, put in and the cheese is put to press. The composition rings are used to obviate the necessity of having the followers perfectly tight. The cheese are at first subject to slight pressure, the screws being turned down gradually. At 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening the cheese are removed from the hoops, the sacks are taken off and bandages put on, when it is returned to the hoops, the other side up, and again put to press, the pressure being increased. The next morning the cheese is taken from the hoop to the curing-room, the side which was down being placed up and rubbed with fresh butter.

The curing-room should be kept at from 60 deg. to 65 deg. The cheese should be taken from the shelf, rubbed, turned, and greased every day until cured. While on the table for greasing the shelves should be thoroughly rubbed. After six weeks, if the cheese is not marketed, this attention should not be given oftener than two or three days.

Whey butter is frequently used to grease cheese, but when my husband has ordinarily good success in making his cheese there is not sufficient cream rises on the whey to make butter, and we are obliged to have butter served without salt for us at the dairy where we buy for family use, or, if failing to do this, butter may be melted and strained.

Should cheese puff up during curing, it shows that the gas is generating too fast, and that the room has been too warm. The cheese thus puffed up should be removed to a cooler place, and as a last resort should be pricked to allow the gas to escape. A good cheese may be spoiled by not receiving good attention while curing.

When we find there is going to be some difficulty in supplying the demand for cheese, it may be salted more lightly, as a cheese lightly salted will cure quicker, but will not keep so well.

In conclusion, I would say, if there be any secret in regard to successful cheese-making, it is in observing perfect cleanliness and exactness in all minor details. The process of cheese-making being a chemical one, a large field for careful investigation and patient research presents itself to the intelligent cheese-maker. We may ignorantly look upon milk as a simple compound, but experts and scientists find themselves confounded with the results of their experiments.

"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER,"

remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afraid cosmetics would. The silly little women, in order to appear youthful, plastered her face with different varieties of whitewash, yclept 'balms,' 'creams,' 'lotions,' etc." "Yes," interrupted the little woman, "I did, until my skin became like parchment and *so* pimply and coarse." "Well," said the listener, "What do you use now?" "Use," was the reply, "nothing but common sense and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense told me that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The 'Discovery' did all those things and actually rejuvenated me." If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots and roughness, use the "Golden Medical Discovery." It is *guaranteed* to do all that it is claimed to, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once.

Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

TRADE REPORT.

A Review of the Business of the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Railroad earnings show an increase of about 15 percent over last year for March, so far as reports have been received, and yet stocks are lower, though at later quotations partial recovery is seen. Trade at interior points is dull or quiet in nearly all cases, though at Cleveland it is fairly satisfactory. At Atlanta it is satisfactory, with spring businesswell sustained; at Omaha it is considered good at Kansas City improving, and at St. Paul trade in dry goods and clothing is very active. There is improvement at Detroit, particularly in ship building, and lumber is firmer.

The money markets are easy and collections have improved somewhat at Kansas City and Detroit, but have fallen off at Atlanta.

Wool has declined for nearly all qualities except New Mexican and Texas. The average of 104 quotations is 24.8c. The outlook is favorable for a good demand when the new clip appears.

Depressing influences are felt in the several branches of the dry goods and clothing trade, not the least being the accumulation of stocks with the open winter left unsold. Raw cotton is ⅛c stronger.

In the iron market more pressure to realize is seen to appear here and at Philadelphia, and Southern iron is offered at 50c to $1 below the corresponding Northern grades. Bar iron remains very dull and rails have sold moderately without lifting of prices. The allotment for the year has been increased 200,000 tons.

The average prices of all commodities have again declined over half of 1 per cent for the week. The most important change is the fall of 2⅜c in wheat, which naturally weakens as the dreams of expected famine give place to the realization of large unsold stocks on hand.

Reports from growing and sowing regions continue to foreshadow a large yield this year, and the demand from abroad, though better since prices fell, is not large enough to promise a clearing of the surplus stock on hand.

Corn has advanced ⅛c, export demand continuing, and oats a fraction. The favorable crop prospects strongly sustain the confidence of those who look for improvement in all branches of legitimate business.

The export business distinctly improves already, and for the past five weeks the value shipped from this port aggregates $34,070,000, against $25,901,000 for the same weeks last year.

The business failures number 222, as compared with a total of 240 last week and 249 the week previous. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 227.

NORTHERN GRAIN.

Favorable Reports Come From Dakota Regardless of the Storms and Fires.

Nothing but the most favorable reports are being received from the spring wheat fields of the Northwest. The slight change that has occurred in the situation during the last seven days, has been the disappearance of most of the complaint of dry weather from certain portions of central and eastern Dakota. Destructive fires and storms have occurred in some portions of Dakota at least able to benefit, as that part of Dakota afflicted has been for a long time without moisture.

A very large area, reaching say, 100 miles each way, has been heard of where it is claimed the seeded fields will need replanting.

It runs up and down both sides of the James river valley and along the Red river through the vicinity of Fargo. There were more or less winds through Minnesota, too, but not so much harm has resulted, and work has progressed well, and quite a large per cent of wheat seeding is done. There is a great demand for seed in some of the northern counties.

Much of the demand is supplied by elevator purchases, but too many of the calls are on time notes with little securities, the companies find the supply of such wants too severe a strain to be fully met. It is probable that on that account there may be a steadier increase in the wheat area than had been counted on.

Seeding in the southern portions of Minnesota and Dakota will be practically over at the end of the week, though in some places, farmers will not have finished until next week.

In Eastern Dakota, from Aberdeen south to Flandreau, and west to the Jim river, some farmers have held back from seeding to prevent a repetition of the destruction of growing wheat by hot winds, but others have begun.

In the northern part, as far north as Fargo, on the bonanza farms, seeding is in active progress, and by the end of another week will be almost completed. From every direction come reports of increased acreage, and in some localities correspondents assert that every available foot of land will be seeded down.

A PLEA FOR EXISTENCE.

The Western Union's Claim for a Life in Pennsylvania.

There was another move in the Dauphin county Pennsylvania, court, on April 5, in the suit of the commonwealth against the Western Union Telegraph company, an action to compel forfeiture of the company's charter for alleged consolidation with the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph company. Messrs. Silas W. Pettit and M. E. Olmsted, for the Western Union, presented the pleas, an abstract of which is appended, and also a petition for removal of the suit to the United States Supreme court at Philadelphia. Similar pleas and petitions were presented by counsel for the Baltimore & Ohio company. Attorney General Kirkpatrick opposed the removal. Hearing of argument was fixed for April 17.

The Western Union in its plea after saying that it had accepted the provisions of the act of Congress of 1866, relating to the use of telegraph lines for postal, military and other purposes, says that it does business in Pennsylvania, and from points within to points without, and from points without to points within, and that such communication of intelligence is commerce between the states within the meaning of the constitution of the United States.

The Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph company was engaged in like commerce in 1857. The Western Union, therefore, denies that it nor the Baltimore & Ohio are subject to the constitution and laws of Pennsylvania. It admits that it has acquired substantially the whole stock of the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph company; but that it has not consolidated with the said company. It also denies that the Baltimore & Ohio company owned a competing line of telegraph.

It further denies that it holds any part of the capital stock of the Baltimore & Ohio telegraph company of Pennsylvania, or that it at any time consolidated with said company. It further says that the Western Union telegraph company is incorporated on telegraph purposes under the laws of New York, with power to construct and operate lines by telegraph and to sell their own property or to acquire that of others. The plea closes with the denial that the company is subject to the laws of Pennsylvania.

The American Bible Society's Work for the Heathen.

The American Bible society has granted funds to the amount of $82,554.84, including appropriations to the American board for work in Spain and in Ceylon; to the Missionary society of the M. E. church, for work in Germany; and to the Laplata, the Brazil, the Venezuela, the Cuba and the China auxiliaries of the society.

Two auxiliaries have been recognized in Dakota, two in Iowa, and one in each of the states of Arkansas, Kansas and Louisiana. The cash receipts in March were $74,247.82. The total issues from the Bible house for the year ending March 31, not including those issued in foreign lands were 1,003,774 volumes.

Mine Explosion.

An explosion of gas occurred in the new Muddy Valley coal mine of Capt. W. P. Holliday, situated six miles south of Duquin, Ill., on April 5, by which several men and boys were severely wounded. Two of the number are known to be fatally burned.

The explosion was caused by the lamp of one of the men while at work.

One hundred and fifty St. Louis boss carpenters have offered to meet the strikers, and compromise on a basis of 35 cents per hour and eight hours' work, but declined to recognize the carpenters' brotherhood.

WASHINGTON---Continued.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on April 6:

EBER S. RAND, of Maine, to be appraiser of merchandise in the district of Portland and Falmouth, Me.

GEORGE C. STURGISS, of West Virginia, to be attorney of the United States for the district of West Virginia.

The President made the following appointments on April 9:

FRANK PLUMLY, of Vermont, to be United States Attorney for the district of Vermont.

GEORGE A. KNIGHT, of Texas, to be United States Marshal for the Northern district of Texas.

LEO E. BENNETT, of Indian Territory, to be agent of the Indians in the territory.

JAMES McDOWELL, of Dakota, to be register of the land offices at Huron, Dak.

The Sixth Auditorship.

It is said that Judge Crowell, of Minnesota, will soon be appointed sixth auditor of the Treasury, the office which he formerly held, and from which he was removed, to make place for Daniel McConnaville, of Ohio. Judge Crowell's backer is no less a person than Secretary Windom. This is the office which caused considerable disturbance among the Ohio politicians.

Representatives McKinley and Butterworth wanted their friend Moynaghan to have the place, and strongly indorsed him for it, but Moynaghan was a Foraker man and a Blaine man, and led that portion of the Ohio delegation in the 1884 convention, and possibly prevented the nomination of Mr. Sherman for the presidency at that time.

Accordingly, Senator Sherman asked to have the office for State Senator Colter, and made a special effort in his behalf.

In the interest of harmony in Ohio Messrs. McKinley and Butterworth, while they did not withdraw their endorsement of Moynaghan, were believed to be virtually abandoned his case and it was thought certain Colter would get the office.

The present indications are, however, that the President has done in the case what he has done in numerous other similar cases—namely the New York place in the Cabinet—dropped both men over whom there was a national fight and selected a third.

Counting the Cash.

The secretary of the Treasury has approved the bond of Mr. Huston as treasurer of the United States, but he will not qualify and assume the duties of the office until after Treasurer Hyatt is relieved of his duties at the New York sub-treasury, and probably not until after the count of the monies and securities at that office has been completed. Assistant Secretary Roberts expects to take charge of the New York sub treasury next Monday and the count will probably be completed in about three weeks. The Washington office will then be transferred. The examination of the treasury vaults will occupy several months owing to the immense quantity of silver dollars to be counted.

Gives Little Hope.

Secretary Rusk finds the roll of employees of the agricultural department so largely in excess of the resources for the current year that until after June 30, there will be far more dismissals than appointments. In the seed division, alone, 80 of the employes have been dismissed and the force will be still further reduced. Secretary Rusk says he is determined there shall be no deficiency in his department for Congress to provide for if he can help it, and he thinks he can.

Meeting Postponed.

Senator Cullom, chairman of the committee on Inter-State Commerce, has postponed the date of the meeting of his committee in New York, to begin the investigation of the railroad relations of this country and Canada, from May 1 to May 3.

Getting Out of the Way.

C. R. Faulkner, of Indiana, chief of the record division in the pension office, has resigned by request. L. Q. C. Lamar, jr., chief of the stationery division of the interior department, has also resigned, to engage in private business.

New York Postoffice.

The President has appointed Cornelius Van Cotte, of New York, to be postmaster at New York.

FIRE RECORD.

The More Notable Conflagrations Happening During the Week.

On April 1, in Youngstown, O., the iron works of Arms, Bell & Co., $90,000; in Maysville, Ky., Omar Dodson's four story building, $25,000.

On April 2, in Westerly, O., a building owned by John Loveland, $15,000; in St. Joseph, Mo., the Grand Opera House, $12,000.

On April 3, in Chicago, building occupied by the Newman opera company and other firms, $150,000.

On April 4, in Pittsburg, machine shops of Sheriff & Sons, $60,000; in Nelson, Neb., block of 14 buildings, $50,000; in Hannibal, Mo., yard of the Empire Lumber company, $100,000.

On April 5, in Chicago, George F. Swift's packing house, $80,000; in Attica, O., six business blocks, $20,000.

STORMS IN VIRGINIA.

Another U. S. Warship Knocked Out—Much Damage Caused.

The storm of thunder, lightning and hail which broke over Norfolk, Va., on Saturday changed at 10 o'clock at night, turning into a cyclone, the wind blowing at the rate of 54 miles an hour till 5 o'clock Sunday morning. The wind came from the northwest and blew into the harbor and its tributaries. The tide was eighteen inches higher than ever recorded before. The lower part of the city was flooded and fire broke out on Water street, caused from slacking lime on the wharf of John O. Gamage & Son.

The entire block, with the exception of Savage, Son & Co.'s, commission merchants, was in flames. The old Cotton Exchange building, containing about 800 bales of cotton, and the warehouse of J. W. Perry & Co., containing about 600 bales of cotton, were totally destroyed. Santos & Bros., coal dealers, lost everything except their office building. Batchelder & Collins, coal, lumber and lime, are damaged to the amount of $4,000. John A. Gamage's loss, including building, is $10,000.

The loss on building and stock destroyed in this block is estimated at $150,000, partly insured. It is impossible to say the losses sustained by the wholesale grocery merchants from the water forced into their warehouses by the unprecedented tide will nearly equal this amount. Hundreds of barrels of sugar and flour and other goods are ruined. During the storm the roofs of the opera-house, Masonic Temple, and many dwellings were torn off, and the Virginia Beach railroad depot is badly injured, and the track for hundreds of yards is seriously damaged.

The Pensacola Full of Water.

The United States ship Pensacola sank in dry-dock Saturday where she was being repaired for sea. Her sea valves had been opened for inspection and another one was being cut. The tide flooded the dock and she filled with water and getting off her keel sank before she could be gotten in position again. A diver will have to be sent down and her valves stopped up. The Simpson dry dock was flooded and the damage may reach $40,000. The wires along the coast are all down. No report can be had from the shipping. It is feared that serious damage has been done, as there was no warning of the storm given.

Brave Ida Lewis.

Mrs. Wilson, widely known by her maiden name, Ida Lewis, has added another to a long list of lives saved by her in Newport harbor.

Her uncle, Henry Lewis, an old man 70 years of age, while returning from fishing in a small skiff fell overboard in the harbor near Lime Rock lighthouse, of which she is keeper.

She saw the accident and put out in her boat, and rescued her uncle in an exhausted condition.

To Carry An Old Battle Flag.

The Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., will take part in the Centennial pageant at New York, and will march under the original crimson battle flag of Col. William Washington.

It is unsatisfactory work preaching to an empty stomach. No need of starving to rid yourself of your dyspepsia. Eat moderately, and use

Warner's Log Cabin HOPS AND BUCHU REMEDY.

Price $1.00 a bottle. 150 doses.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

BOULANGER.

Driven From Paris.

The *Presse* says that Gen. Boulanger left Paris at the request of friends, who were informed that he would be tried by an exceptional tribunal, and that he would not escape alive.

During his absence Gen. Boulanger will continue the struggle for a revision of the constitution.

The French Ministry Has Asked the Chamber to Prosecute Boulanger.

The French ministry has asked the Chamber of Deputies to sanction the prosecution of Gen. Boulanger.

In making the request the government submitted a statement to the chamber, in which it reviews the career of Gen. Boulanger since the commune, and charges him with attempting the destruction of the republic.

It declares that his offence comes under the sections of the penal code dealing with conspiracy and attempts to overthrow the established government.

Boulanger's Manifesto.

Gen. Boulanger has issued a manifesto, dated Brussels, April 5. He says that in their robust sense the electors know how to deal with the tissue of falsehoods and abominable slanders against him. The government has extorted from an infatuated parliament consent to prosecute him before a court of political enemies—not before a court of judges. All the acts imputed to him as crimes were well known when he was appointed minister of war, and therefore his colleagues were equally guilty. "All the violence and calumny in the world," he says, "will fail to turn us from our object, which is to obtain an honest and legal exercise of universal suffrage."

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Boulanger the moment he touches French soil. The open animus of the government is producing a revulsion of public feeling in the general's favor. M. Susini has resigned from the Boulangist committee. M. Thieband has withdrawn his resignation.

M. Bonchez, the dismissed prosecutor, informed Gen. Boulanger, a fortnight before his flight, that the government intended to arrest him.

He Will be Forced to Leave Belgium—To go to Brighton.

The Brussels correspondent of the London *Times* says, on April 8:

Prince Victor Napoleon visited Gen. Boulanger here on Saturday. They held a conference to day in a restaurant in the outer park.

Boulangist journals assert that all the members of the Boulangist National committee will be tried by the Senate.

La France demands the expulsion of Gen. Boulanger. All the newspapers admit that the result of the trial of the leaders of the Patriotic league is a rebuff to the government. The Boulangists are exultant over the outcome of the trial.

The *Temps* counsels the government to consider well the responsibility involved in the trial of Gen. Boulanger.

The Senate will hold its first session as a tribunal for the trial of Boulanger, Friday next.

The Belgian authorities, on April 8, notified Gen. Boulanger to leave Belgium, and it is reported that he will go to Brighton.

THE DUTCH REGENCY.

King William III Declared Incapable of Fulfilling Kingly Duties.

In the parliament of Holland, on April 3 the prime minister read the report of the court physician on the condition of the king, which states that his majesty is suffering from chronic diabetes, and is unable to fulfill the duties of a sovereign.

The prime minister, after reading the report, announced that the council of state, in view of the king's condition, asked parliament to assent to the establishment of a regency.

[The life of King William III, of Holland, which is now drawing to a pitiable close, must be divided into two distinct and separate parts. His public life, as the constitutional sovereign of the Netherlands, was the counterpart of his country has been above reproach. On the other hand his private life has been beneath all contempt. His immoralities and debaucheries have rendered his name a by-word among European monarchs. Certainly, in the annals of the present century, with the possible exception of King George IV. of England, and Victor Emmanuel of Italy, have given rise to so much scandal, and although he is going down to his grave mourned by his subjects as a kindly and patriotic King, yet his memory abroad will live as that of one of the great profligates of the present age. He refuses to receive any medicine or any one excepting from the hands of his wife, Queen Emma, a young princess, just forty-two years his junior; and the touching devotion and attention with which she has performed her painful task for the last few months goes far to claim the esteem in which she is subjected herself when in 1879 she sold her twenty-one years and her beauty to 64-year-old William for the sake of becoming queen of the Netherlands. The regency will be vested in the hands of the young princess, and the guardian of her little 8-year-old daughter Wilhelmine, who, on the demise of the old king, will be proclaimed as Queen Regnant of Holland. King William was born in February, 1817. His mother being a Russian grand duchess, the daughter of the crazy Czar Paul of Russia. He ascended the throne of the Netherlands on the death of his father, King William II, in 1849. He was married ten years previously Princess Sophie, of Wurtemberg, who was one of the most remarkable and talented women of her time. She died in 1877, after having given birth to two sons. The elder of the two, well known as a man by the nickname of "Citron," almost excelled his father in reputation as a profligate, and died at Paris some fifteen years ago. The second son, Prince Alexandre, a cripple and physically deformed, died a few years after the death of his father. In 1879 King William married the 21-year-old daughter of the reigning Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, one of the most impoverished of the petty reigning sovereigns of Germany. By this marriage he has one little daughter, born in 1880, and on whose head is centered all Holland's hopes.]

Pending the Appointment the State Council will Rule the Netherlands.

In compliance with the wishes of the state council, parliament has agreed to the establishment of a regency. Pending the appointment of a regent, a bill will be introduced vesting royal power in the state council.

KING JOHN DEAD.

The Ruler of Abyssinia Goes Down in Battle with the Dervishes.

King John, of Abyssinia, is dead. It is said his death was due to wounds received in a battle with the forces led by the Dervish Mettema.

[King John succeeded to the Abyssinian throne after the short period of anarchy which followed the death of the famous King Theodore, who committed suicide by shooting himself, to avoid being taken prisoner, when the British forces under Sir Robert Napier stormed and captured his mountain fortress of Magdala, on April 13, 1868. King John was a man of strong characteristics, but without the commanding talents displayed by his illustrious predecessor.]

STANLEY.

He Describes His Terrible Trip Through the African Jungles.

The great African explorer, Henry M. Stanley, has at last beenheard from in a long and graphic letter dated on the Aurwimi River in August last. It gives a most dramatic account of the awful misery through which he and his men passed on their way to the relief of Emin Pasha. Starvation, nakedness, desertion of native troops, pillage and desolation spread in his path; months of gloom in the heart of dense African forests and the joyful entrance at last into sunshine and a land of plenty form his thrilling narrative of adventure.

He recounts his trip from Yambuya to Albert Nyanza, and says that he was harrassed at every step by foes. His description of the terrible jungles and the vast wilderness through which he passed is graphic. The last time he talked with Emin Pasha was a year ago the first of this month, and as the letter just received was written in August last it gives no information of Stanley's present position that has not already been printed.

Stanley and Emin.

Advices received from Stanley Falls state that Arabs who have arrived there report that Henry M. Stanley and Emin Pasha were heard from in February. They were then marching toward Zanzibar with several thousand men, women and children. They also had 6,000 tusks of ivory.

A New Peruvian Ministry.

A new Peruvian cabinet has been formed as follows: Minister of state, police and public works, Pedro Alejandrino de Solar; minister of war, Guillermo Ferreylos; minister of justice, Guillermo A. Seoane; minister of finance, Eulogio Delgado; minister of foreign affairs, Manuel Yrigoyen.

Up the Zomani.

The Congo state government has just received a report on the exploration of the Zomani, an affluent of the Congo. A steamer ascended the river from the falls 503 miles to within three days' journey from Nyangwa. It is a fine stream, 270 yards wide, from 12 to 18 feet deep, with a current of three miles an hour, and easy of navigation. The Zomani proves to be a direct route to Lake Tanganyika.

Italy in Abyssinia.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies Signor Crispi, the prime minister, stated that the death of King John, of Abyssinia, would enable Italy to extend her possessions in that country. The government, however, did not intend to be drawn on by the enticing prospect of an easy operation, and would not take action unless it was seen to be to its clear advantage to enlarge the area occupied by Italy in Abyssinia.

Has Taken Command.

Captain Wessmann, the German imperial commissary, has assumed supreme command on the mainland at Zanzibar, Admiral Deinhard, the commander of the German squadron, consenting.

The Queen's Aunt Dead.

The Duchess of Cambridge, aunt of the Queen, is dead. She was born July 25, 1797.

LIQUOR LAWS.

Interesting Decisions by Judge Travers at Des Moines.

An interesting liquor case has just been decided at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. The defendants were up on the ordinary liquor selling indictments. They had, as shown by the evidence, bought cider in the defendants' restaurant.

The question was whether or not cider is classed with intoxicating liquors.

Judge Travers said that while cider is at first a non-intoxicant it becomes an intoxicant in course of time.

Since the law prohibits the sale of all intoxicating liquors it prevents the sale of cider.

Judge Travers also overthrew another ingenious evasion of the law. In a shanty, near Mt. Pleasant, a board partition had made a large room on one side and a small one on the other.

A barrel was set in the partition and the customer could deposit his money and get his drinks without seeing the man in the other room.

This made it possible for the customer to swear he didn't see the liquor-seller and did not know who he was. The proprietor in this case is now in jail serving a sentence of four months.

MORMON STATISTICS.

Figures Concerning the Greatest Curse of the Age.

At the closing session of the Mormon conference at Salt Lake on April 9, Geo. G. Cannon read the statistics of the church, which are:

Twelve apostles, 70 patriarchs, 3,719 high priests, 11,805 elders, 2,069 priests, 1,292 teachers, 11,610 deacons, 81,899 families, 115,915 officers and members, and 49,302 children under 8 years of age, a total Mormon population of 153,911.

The number of marriages for six months ending April 6, 1889, was 530; births, 3,754; new members, 488; excommunications, 113.

Cannon said that many young men were leaving the territory to take up land elsewhere.

The Saints, he said, had been called together to build Zion, and this scattering must be stopped.

Young Johnges Has Gone.

John G. Thompson, Jr., oldest son of the late Democratic manager of that name, has been missing since March 26. Thompson served for three years as clerk in the Columbus postoffice, being appointed on the recommendation of Judge Allen G. Thurman, Congressman Outhwaite, and other prominent Democrats, and on January 7 last was appointed to the railway mail service.

Monday and Tuesday of last week five registered packages were lost on the Columbus & Toledo road over which Thompson runs. On Tuesday Thompson went away, taking with him two valises and all his clerk's outfit including the register books. He told his friends that he had been transferred to a Michigan run, which was untrue. His friends are loth to believe that the disappearance of the young man and the packages are connected, and it is hinted that his difficulty is of another kind. The value of the missing packages is unknown. One came from Alvada, Seneca county, and the four others from Toledo.

A Saloon Keeper Making It Warm for Temperance People.

The war between the temperance people and the saloon keepers at River Falls, Wis., has taken a new turn.

A saloon keeper has had arrested, on a charge of false imprisonment, the Rev. James Evans, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church; the Rev. J. D. Whitelaw, pastor of the Congregational church; Dr. T. W. Ashler, Mr. Stahl, G. J. A. Roberts and Charles Hanson.

The first five men signed an indictment against Saloon-keeper Drukee some time ago. Drukee was beaten in the Justice court, but appealed the case. In the higher court the case was dismissed on a technicality. Now Drukee prosecutes the party for false imprisonment.

The Professor Is Welcomed To All the Glory He Obtained.

Prof. Harry Leroy, of Decorah, Ia., took a thrilling and highly sensational ride in Quincy, Illinois, on April 5. After some difficulty the balloon got away with its human freight in fine style and on reaching an altitude of 4,000 feet the aeronaut grasped the ring of the parachute attached to the side of the balloon and leaped into space. The first few hundred feet of the drop was rapid enough to cause several lady spectators to faint, but the apparatus finally became inflated and circled toward the earth as gracefully as a bird, landing the bold areonaut a half mile from the starting point, none the worse for his thrilling ride.

Pumps Will Go Up.

The Milk Producers union, comprising 411 farmers in the seven western counties of Pennsylvania, was formed at Pittsburg, April 3, and after next Monday all the milk from these producers will be handled by one man, instead of through the milk dealers.

PARALLEL LINES.

Every student knows that in close reasoning parallel lines of thought are laid down and deductions educed.

We have drawn the above visible lines simply to bring them prominently before your eye and to ask what they represent to you.

A railroad man to whom we showed them said, "To me those four lines represent a double-track railway.

A doctor replied to the same interrogatory, "The lines are to me the large arteries and veins lying alongside each other in the human body."

As every intelligent man or woman knows, the blood of every living person flows with almost railroad speed through the arteries, forced by that wonderful engine, the heart. From the arteries it is side-tracked through the capillaries and veins, and every drop of blood goes through the kidneys for purification no less than 2500 times every twenty-four hours. If the kidneys be diseased the impurities of the blood containing the worn-out tissues, and deleterious acids are not drawn out or excreted as nature intended, but continually pass and repass through every fiber of the system, carrying death and decay with every pulsation. Unless remedied the heart becomes weakened, the lungs trying to do double work break down, the liver becomes congested, the stomach refuses to digest food and the result is a general break down.

Why?

Because the kidneys, the sewers of the system, are foul and stopped up, and the entire blood becomes nothing more nor less than sewage.

Now is it not criminal, nay, suicidal, to allow such a state of things to continue when a simple remedy is within your reach, known for a certainty to do as represented, which will open the closed pipes of the kidneys, allow the effete matter to escape, relieve the over-worked heart, lungs and liver, cause a healthy appetite, put the bloom of health in your cheek, the dove of hope in your breast and the light of life in your eye?

Do not allow prejudice to blind you to your best interests, but to-day procure Warner's safe cure and be put on the straight road to rude health and correct living.

Our parallel and closing lines to you are, take our advice and your experience will justify you in thanking us for bringing under your notice a remedy without a parallel.

GENERAL NEWS.

OKLAHOMA.

Thousands of Boomers Concealed in the Brush, Awaiting the 22d.

The members of the Kansas state board of railroad assessors, just returned from a trip through Oklahoma, report army officers as saying that thousands of boomers are still concealed in the brush, and that if the whole United States army was there it could not drive them out.

Names are taken, but nine out of ten are fictitious.

Capt. Woodson and Lieut. Carson are in receipt of telegrams daily to hire horses, have them saddled and bridled, and in waiting, on the arrival of trains at Oklahoma City April 22, at noon.

The object is to mount at once, and by fleet steeds distance rival boomers on foot and capture choice claims.

A party of four Hoosiers, with a balloon, are camped near Antelope Hills. They will make an ascension in the morning and drift in mid-air till noon, and then descend hours in advance of teams and speedy horses.

State officials anticipate trouble and say the country will be an Eldorado for good land office lawyers.

The excitement is increasing daily and all Southern Kansas is ablaze.

The assessors think that Oklahoma is not what it has been painted. The soil is red and the land is good chiefly for hay and cotton.

Oklahoma was surveyed some years ago but the corners are nearly all obliterated now. Settlers taking claims will find it difficult to describe the same when they go to the land office to make a filing, and this will give rise to innumerable contests. More will grow out of the filings by boomers who stayed in the country against the President's orders, and will come out of the timber April 22 and file anyway.

Contests settled at first by Winchesters, will afterwards have to be settled again in the courts. The outlook for the country and the boomers is not Arcadian, by any means.

The Boomers Preparing to Destroy Railroad Bridges.

The officials of the Santa Fe railroad were busy on April 8, investigating the story that the boomers concealed in the woods of Oklahoma had banded together for the purpose of destroying the railroad bridges on the night of April 21, in order to obstruct the influx of the homesteaders until those waiting have filed their claims.

It appears the boomers in hiding are desperate.

They have selected and watched their claims for years and they now fear that the new comers, with the assistance of rapid transit, may get the best of them.

There was a meeting of these boomers in the timber near Oklahoma City, last Thursday, and they canvassed the situation. After the meeting adjourned, the Santa Fe got notice that the bridges would be burned and the trains stopped on April 22, as the old boomers did not propose to jeopardise their chances by allowing a flood of tenderfeet to drop in on the land they had picked out.

Detectives have been sent along the line through the country, and every precaution has been taken to prevent railway obstruction.

There are twice as many people now on the borders as can be accommodated under the homestead act in Oklahoma.

THE RIVER LANDS.

United States Officers Fired Upon by the Des Moines River Land Settlers.

A United States marshal and posse on April 5, evicted a farmer named Blake from the Litchfield lands, better known as the Des Moines river lands. Blake's farm is in Hamilton county, 16 miles southeast from Webster City near what is known among settlers as Hell's Hollow.

When the posse reached the place they found Blake had moved his house across the road and entirely off the Litchfield tract.

Some of the machinery was still left, but this he was getting out of the way as rapidly as possible. The officers did not molest Blake or offer him any violence whatever, but shortly after they arrived upon the scene, a puff of smoke, a rifle crack and a whizzing bullet told them that the settlers had opened fire.

The shots came from a dense thicket of hazel a quarter of a mile away.

Probably 40 shots were fired, but the marksmanship was either poor or the range was wide, for none of the deputies were hurt.

The posse had a number of writs, but as they were only armed with revolvers, they did not attempt to serve them, but retreated in good order.

There were probably twenty or thirty armed settlers in the timber. Marshal Desmond will take the matter personally in charge in a few days, and will execute the writs or die in the attempt.

The settlers have been organized all winter. They have what is known as the River Land Settlers' union, and are as thoroughly disciplined as well prepared for systematic action as the Ku-klux ever were.

They are armed with Winchester rifles and indulge in target shooting daily. They have sworn to resist all attempts at eviction, and as United States marshals will do their duty regardless of consequences, blood-shed seems probable to result.

Their system of spreading the news by telephone from town to town and by carrier's mounted on fleet horses, is well perfected.

If a marshal appears in Webster City or Fort Dodge, within an hour or two the fact is known on every section of river land in Webster and Hamilton counties, and every movement of the marshals is watched by faithful spies and is promptly reported.

Last week a number of writs were served. The marshals were well armed, and were frequently met by squads of men armed with Winchesters, who ordered them to desist operations and threatened to shoot them down like dogs if they persisted in their purpose.

These men were nearly always mounted on horses and squads circled round and round the marshals, cursing and threatening them, but at that time no shots were fired.

The part of Hamilton county where the shooting occurred yesterday is very rough, and covered with a scraggy growth of timber and thickets in plenty.

In early times it was a common resort for horse thieves, and even in later years they have, it is claimed, made it a rendezvous.

When the marshals reached this neighborhood, the river landers secreted themselves in the timber, and opened fire upon them.

After evicting Blake, the marshals started to return. They had proceeded about three-quarters of a mile, when a regular fusilade of bullets rained about them.

Branches of trees were cut off, and the situation looked serious for awhile, but the attack soon ceased.

The marshals concluded not to go on with the work until reinforced, when the evictions will proceed without delay. The settlers are determined, and war on a small scale will undoubtedly result. Nothing will probably be done for several days.

The Situation Growing More Serious as the Time Advances.

The situation in the river land country grows more serious from day to day, and every day of delay on the part of the marshals makes the work they have to perform more serious. All hopes of a peaceable enforcement of eviction has been abandoned.

Marshal Holbrook, who organized a posse in this city to commence eviction Monday, has sworn in fifteen men instead of six, as he had last year, and instead of being armed with shot-guns thay are being furnished with Winchesters.

Bradshaw, whose posse of six were forcibly ejected from the lands Thursday, is recruiting men in Dubuque, armed with Winchesters instead of revolvers. Yesterday when settlers who had purchased their lands of the River Land company, and who are prosecuting the settlers for conspiracy awoke, they found warnings posted on their doors.

Strangers going into the river land country are stopped by men, and compelled to state their business before being allowed to proceed. Among those stopped to-day was United States Swamp Officer Forsey, and it was difficult for him to convince the settlers he was not on river land business.

Fort Dodge, Ia., Has Found a New Subject to Talk About.

There is considerable excitement here over the reported discovery of silver on the farm of Peter Kearn, six miles north of Fort Dodge, Iowa. The find was made by a well-digger at the depth of 110 feet.

The vein is 54 inches thick. Jewelers pronounce the quartz richer than any ever examined by them. Several pieces have been sent to a Chicago assayer for examination, and if this report confirms the one made by local jewelers the find will prove a rich one and can be worked in paying quantities.

SPRING ELECTIONS.

St. Louis Overturns the Big Republican Majority of Last Fall.

Complete returns from twenty-eight wards of St. Louis, show that Judge E. A. Noonan (Dem.), for mayor, has a total vote of 28,715; Col. James G. Butler (Rep.) 27,089. Noonan's plurality 1,626. The Democrats elect auditor, inspector of weights and measures, register and but one of the five councilmen, while the Republicans secure collector, comptroller, treasurer, president board of public improvements and four councilmen.

The result of to-day's municipal election, while a surprise to many, in the face of the overwhelming Republican majority last November was not unexpected by certain elements of the Republican party.

The nomination of Col. James G. Butler, for the mayoralty, was claimed to have been secured by a free use of money, and the following of D. P. Slattery, his opponent in convention, were bent on revenge. In addition to this factor in the contest, Judge Noonan represented the liberal or saloon element, while Col. Butler was a recognized silk stocking, with prohibitory tendencies. The defeat of Gen. McNeil for auditor is attributed to his war record. Of the remainder of the ticket, personal strength entered largely into the contest and politics played but a small part. It was a young man's progressive policy as against an old man's conservative ideas of municipal government.

A Democrat Came Out of the Fight the Better Man.

The contest for the mayoralty in Leavenworth, Kan., on April 2, was between Dr. Anthony, Republican, and L. M. Hacker, Democrat. Susan B. Anthony, sister of the Republican candidate, worked heroically for him but Hacker was elected by about 2,500 majority.

Nearly 4 000 women voted during the day, most of them casting their ballots for Hacker. A man was stabbed at one of the precincts and the women at another ward became involved in a wordy war.

Minnie is a Mayor.

The Oskaloosa Kan., idea is still extant. After a vigorous fight the female candidates for the city offices won the day by sweeping majorities.

At Cottonwood Falls, Kan., the ladies were also triumphant, Mrs. Minnie Morgan being elected mayor, with all the members of the council of her sex.

Result of the Election Held in Rhode Island.

The complete vote of the state of Rhode Island for governor gives Ladd (Rep.) 16,952; Davis (Dem.), 21,350; Richardson (Pro.), 1,511; Chace (I. E.), 3,435. Davis lacks 548 of an election, but has a plurality of 4,398.

For attorney general, Rogers (R.) has 21,011; Slocum (D.), 21,816; scattering, 27; giving Slocum a majority of 778.

As no candidate for governor received a majority of all the votes cast, the legislature, which is in doubt, will elect a man to fill that office. The legislature will also resubmit the prohibitory amendment. The election was very complicated from the fact that four tickets were in the field—Republican, Democrat, Law Enforcement and Prohibition.

By completed returns the Senate stands: Republican, 21; Democrats, 11; with four to be elected.

The House stands: Republicans 23; Democrats 37; twelve yet to be elected. The Democrats have a majority of the lower branch.

HYDE PARK ELECTION.

Liquor Laws Heaped on Them With a Vengeance.

The 8,000 inhabitants of the great suburban village of Hyde Park, near Chicago, are considerably excited over the action of its board of trustees on April 3.

The government of the village has been very strict in its dealings with the saloons. Local option has been permitted to have its fullest force, with the result of establishing districts small and large, all over the village, within which saloons were not permitted to exist.

This was done whenever a majority of citizens desired it. In a fight which was inaugurated by the property owners last year, they succeeded in securing the issuance of an order closing all the saloons in the village on Sunday.

In Township 39 election there were two tickets in the field, the Republican and the Citizens, for the election of three members of the board of directors. It was claimed, but denied, that the Citizens ticket was favorable to the saloon interest.

This ticket, however, was successful chiefly. It is claimed, because of machine methods in the making out of the Republican ticket. The present board evidently decided that it would take no chances of having its work undone by the incoming board; so a meeting was held at which an ordinance was passed increasing the price of saloon licenses from the present figures, $500, to $1,000 per annum.

The closing of the saloons on Sunday has heretofore been enforced under the general state law. The trustees enacted this law into a regular ordinance of the village. Then another ordinance was passed making it compulsory on all saloon keepers in the village to close their saloons at 10 o'clock at night on week days instead of at midnight, as heretofore.

The board met again at 8 o'clock and passed these several ordinances, and they were signed by the president of the board in due form. The sting of the action lies in the fact that the election seats only three new trustees, with three members of the present board who hold over, and it will require four votes to repeal these new ordinances.

THE CASHIER IS GONE.

And So Is One Hundred Thousand Dollars of the Bank's Funds.

The doors of the First National bank of Anoka, Minn., closed Saturday evening. The cashier is in Canada. There is a woman in the case. P. F. Pratt, the cashier, went to Minneapolis a week ago last Thursday, and Friday the bank officials were startled by a notice from the Merchants' bank of St. Paul that the account of the First National was overdrawn $20,000. A messenger was at once dispatched to St. Paul, and the discovery was soon made that Pratt had drawn out about $8,000 due the bank, and about twice as much more on his check.

The bank examiner was notified, and gave the books a hasty overhauling. Enough was learned to show matters were in a bad way, and that Pratt is short nearly $100,000. Not knowing when or where the end might be, the directors concluded to place the bank in the hands of the examiner, and he will appoint a receiver. It is impossible yet to tell the extent of Pratt's villainy. The bank's correspondents, both in New York and Chicago, also allowed him to overdraw to the amount of $15,000. In addition to this he raised about $30,000 on a personal note indorsed by Mrs. Neiland, an aged widow residing in Dayton, who trusted Pratt to manage her business matters to a large extent. It also appears that Pratt, in company with H. S. Sparks, of this city, has been speculating in wheat, and Sparks's account is overdrawn $10,000.

White Caps in Missouri.

The law and order meeting at Farmington, Mo., Tuesday night to take action in the matter of the so-called White Caps at Knoblick and Cyguet, who warned foreign-born workingmen to leave the county by April 12, was captured by the gangs from those two towns.

The gangs elected officers, and declared against publishing the lawlessness existing in St. Francis county.

Shortly after midnight, a terrific explosion occurred in front of Gen. McCormick's residence. The shock jarring all the houses in the neighborhood.

All outsiders at the meeting carried dynamite sticks in their pockets, and it is believed one of these exploded near Gen. McCormick's residence. The general is one of the leaders of the movement against the White Caps.

Traveled Many Miles.

The recent hurricane in the South Pacific ocean swept over 1,200 geographical miles, embracing in its track the Hervey and Society groups of islands. The American ship Red Cross, from New South Wales for San Francisco, was driven ashore at Raratonga and wrecked. The crew was saved. The American ship Ada Owen was wrecked. Her crew was saved. Wreckage from the British ship Sunkim, from New South Wales for San Francisco, was seen at Aitutaki. It is supposed that the crew perished.

Fort Logan.

By direction of the President, the secretary of War has ordered that the new military post, near Denver, shall be known as Ft. Logan, to honor the memory of the late Gen. John A. Logan.

Fires in India.

A dispatch from India says that hundreds of houses have been destroyed by fire at Surat. The loss is placed at £200,000.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The More Prominent of Those who Have Gone Over to the Majority.

On April 2, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Judge Alexander McCue, ex-solicitor of the United States treasury, aged 63.

On April 3, in Portland, Me., Hobart W. Richardson, editor of the Portland *Daily Advertiser*, aged 58; in Providence, R. I., Prof. Wm. Gammell, LL. D.; in Boston, Mrs. Amelia Jackson Sargeant, only daughter of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, aged 45; the Marquis of Ely is dead.

On April 5, in Silver Springs, Fla., Philo Remington, of the famous rifle firm, aged 79; in Pittsburg, Pa., James Callery, president of the Pittsburg & Western railroad.

At New York, April 9, Mrs. Theodore Thomas, wife of the musician.

A Celebrated Chemist Dead at the Age of 103.

Michel Eugene Chevreul, the distinguished French chemist, is dead. He was born in 1786.

[Michel Eugene Chevreul, the celebrated French chemist, was born at Angers, August 31, 1786, and was nearly 103 years old at his death. He commenced his researches into the mystery of chemistry at Angers, and afterward studied under Vauquelin in Paris, where he had charge of the laboratory. In 1810 he became preparator of the chemical course in the museum of natural history, and in 1813 professor in the lycee Charlemagne. In 1824 he was appointed director of the dye works and professor of special chemistry at the Gobelins, where he distinguished himself by important researches on colors. In 1826 he became a member of the academy of science, and in 1830 succeeded Vauquelin as professor of applied chemistry in the museum of natural history. From that time up to when he was 86 years old he was active in his work and was identified with many scientific subjects in the old world. He has written numerous scientific works which have been translated in various European languages. He has contributed much to science.]

CONFESSED HIS GUILT.

One of the Hatfields Tells of the Terrible Border Feud.

Ellison Hatfield, one of the participants in the Hatfield-McCoy feud, who is confined in the Pike county jail, in Kentucky, has made a confession to State's Attorney Lee Ferguson.

"I was present," he said, "and participated in the murder of the three McCoy brothers—Tolbert, Farley and Randolph. The three brothers were taken from a school house in Logan county, W. Va., where they had been guarded for a day and a night, and brought over the Tug river, which separates West Virginia and Kentucky.

"About fifty feet from the river, Carpenter tied them to a paw paw bush and hung a lantern over their heads. Anse Hatfield then said to them:

"'Boys, if you have any peace to make with your Maker, you had better make it quick.' Tolbert and Randolph began praying, but Farley did not.

"However, before the boys had time to finish their prayers, John Hatfield shot Farley dead. Anse then gave the order to fire, and shot as he gave the word, killing Tolbert, and then emptying the contents of his gun into the dead body.

"Alex Musser fired and killed Randolph McCoy, the others followed suit, and all the bodies were riddled with bullets.

"After the boys were killed Wall Hatfield administered an oath to all of us binding us to take the life of the first man who divulged the names of any who were along."

Capt. Hatfield said that he and Tom Wallace shot Jeff McCoy after he had escaped from them. The prisoner also gave the particulars of the brutal murder of Alifera and Alvin McCoy, in which he took part.

Nine of the Hatfield faction on a Sunday night in January, 1888, crossed the river into Kentucky under the command of Jim Vance. They surrounded the McCoy homestead, fired the house, and killed the girl as she attempted to extinguish the flames. Captain and John Hatfield both claimed that they killed Calvin McCoy and bragged about it.

The Amalgamated Liable to go to Pieces—At War With Itself.

The proposed advance in wages which will be demanded by the roughers and catchers in the different rolling mills of Pittsburg at the June convention of the Amalgamated association will cause an internal fight in that organization which may result in a serious split.

The advance, if it is granted, will reduce the wages of the heaters and rollers. Of course they will oppose it, and as they are in the majority they will be able to defeat the motion. When this is done the roughers and catchers who look upon the present division of wages as unjust may withdraw from the organization and enter upon a prolonged strike.

It will not be a fight of capital and labor but will be labor arrayed against labor. The present scale allows the roughers one-eighth of the tonnage, and they think it should be changed to allow them one-seventh. If it is changed the advance will come off the wages of the heaters and rollers.

The Vanderbilts Branching Out for St. Louis Gas Business.

Reports which have been in circulation at St. Louis for a few days past in regard to the acquisition of gas companies by eastern capitalists, seem to be set at rest by the announcement on April 4 that 20,000 of the shares of the Laclede Gas company have been purchased by a syndicate composed of the Vanderbilts, August Belmont and Mr. Laird, the London banker.

It is also said that this syndicate will obtain a controlling interest in the gas trust here and combine all the properties under one organization with a capital of $12,000,000.

Mowed Down by a Cyclone.

Word was received at Regina, N. W. T., that a destructive cyclone struck a settlement on Long Lake last Sunday night. It mowed a path thirty yards wide through the bluff, tearing up trees by the roots. Houses and barns were blown down and logs carried fifty yards away. No casualties are reported. Prairie fires sw